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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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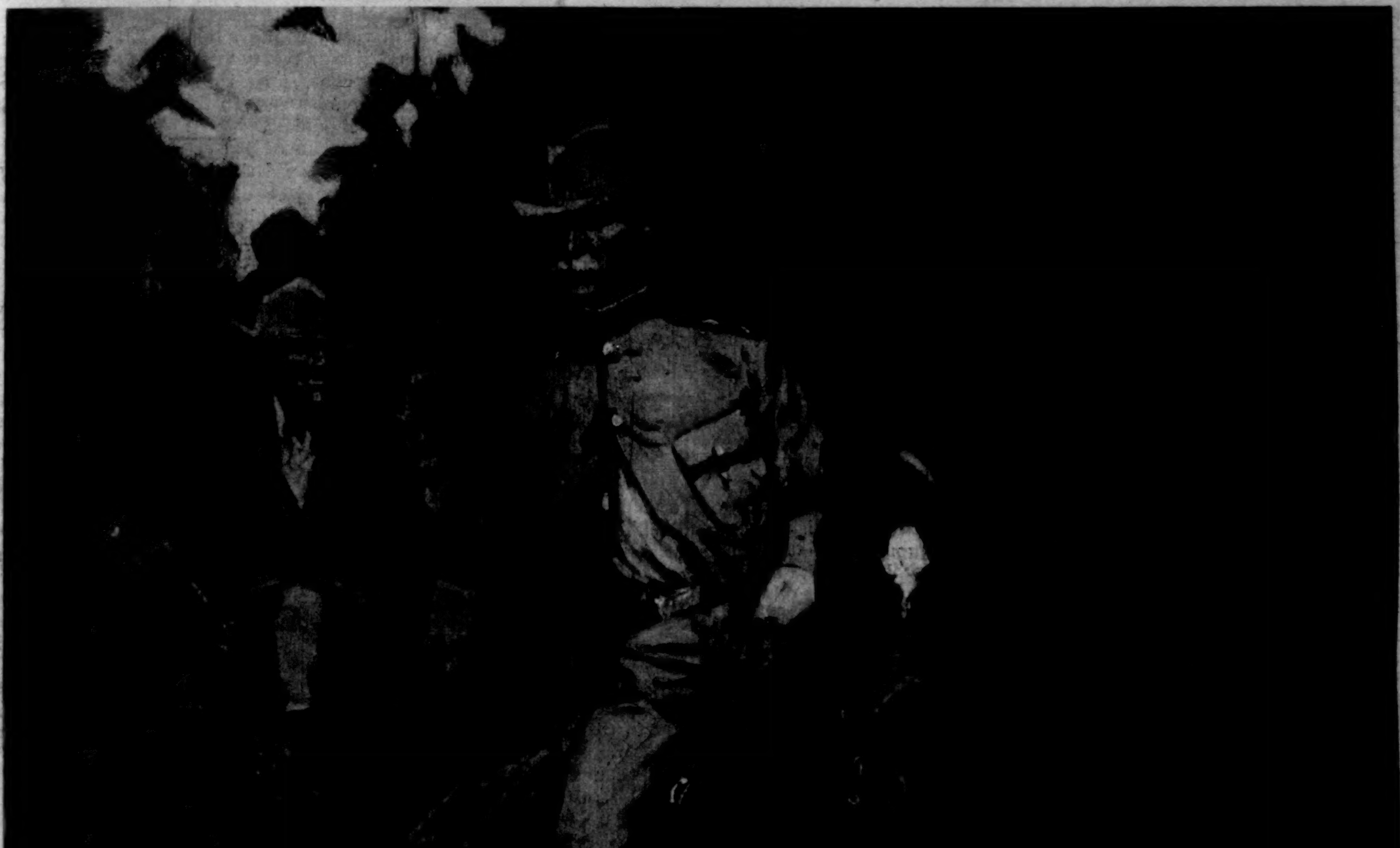

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON, U.S.V.

LEADER OF THE EXPEDITIONS SOUTH AND NORTH OF MANILA—AGAINST SANTA CRUZ AND SAN ISIDRO.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)
NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 3, 1899

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The Country and its War

THE WEEKLY has already taken the ground that the war in the Philippines must be concluded by the definitive triumph of American arms or diplomacy before any further step can be taken looking to the political and international questions of our Eastern problem. We think that a great mistake has been made, and that the administration has involved the country in difficulties from which complete escape is problematical. The probable cost of the Philippines to this country, not alone in money, but in valuable lives, and the utter impossibility of maintaining over the hostile and treacherous natives any but the most autocratic rule—a rule directly hostile to the genius of our institutions—are becoming more clearly recognized by thinking people. Some weeks ago the WEEKLY stated, on the authority of those who know the Philippines, that at least 75,000 men would be required to garrison these islands, as long as the government undertakes to hold them. Since then our estimate has been more than endorsed by General LAWTON, whose word will stand against all the denials that may be suggested by the political exigencies of the situation. Our correspondent, Mr. BASS, writing before our own assertion was published, has announced that he has learned to be an ardent anti-expansionist—although he was originally of quite another opinion—by what he has seen in constant contact and intimate association with the natives. In a word, nothing has changed our opinion as to the advisability of annexing the Philippines. On the contrary, all that has transpired since the making of the Treaty of Paris, and since the outbreak of the people of the islands against American rule, has strengthened our original conviction.

The question of what shall eventually be done with the Philippines, however, must now be postponed. Peace seems to be upon the horizon, but the peace must come, as General OTIS demands, by a complete surrender of the insurgents. The country is at war. When that is said, the duty of every citizen is at once evident. He must support the government, whether he differed from it or not as to the propriety of the conduct which brought on the war. It is immoral to do otherwise. We do not mean, of course, that it is improper to urge that the administration shall do all in its power to stop the war by giving assurances which will satisfy the people of the Philippines that, so far as we are concerned, they are to govern themselves, and are to possess those rights which are asserted in our Declaration to be inalienable to man. But to go beyond this, to throw obstacles in the way of the government while its troops are actually in the field, is very near to treason, and we do not believe that any American would be guilty of such conduct if the war were nearer home, and if the heroism and suffering of our troops in the field were a little more real to those who are ten thousand miles away from the battle-fields.

In the first place, this government, in its relations with the people of the Philippines, and with all other powers, is sovereign in the archipelago. Whether we can govern the islands under the Constitution, or outside of the Constitution, is a question of domestic policy, which we must settle at home. Our power is unquestionable by either natives or by the insurgents, except by war on the one part and rebellion on the other. It was absurd to call AGUINALDO and his followers rebels before the Treaty of Peace was ratified, for they were really subjects of Spain, for whose assault upon our forces Spain might possibly have been held responsible if we had been inclined to be so unjust to the power which we had shattered. After the treaty was ratified, however, there was a change in their relation to us. We had then succeeded to Spain's sovereignty, and the insurgents were actually rebels. It is true, in our opinion, that we should have recognized at once the long struggle which these people had made for independence, and we should have assured them in advance that we had no intention of defeating their hopes of freedom by taking up the government which we had forced Spain to lay down. But the government not having assumed this wise and American course, having seen fit to turn its back upon American traditions and American principles and professions, there remained nothing for patriots to do but to stand by it, and especially by the soldiers and sailors who are actually engaged in the conflict. The government has been busy putting down rebellion, and in that task the lives of American citizens of whom we are all proud have been imperilled. So long as the war continues, so long as insurgents are in the field, the whole country must stand behind the army. Differences of opinion as to what ought to be our ultimate policy must rest in abeyance for a time, or must be discussed, as we are now discussing the question, in the full recognition of the fact that the fighting arm of the government must be sustained so long as AGUINALDO and his people make fighting necessary.

This course of conduct is not only the dutiful part to play, but it is, we are sure, the popular part. The two do not always include each other. Very often the true patriot is opposed to the popular madness of the moment. But there is no popular passion now. There is merely a calm recognition of the fact that in the discharge of their duty certain American soldiers and sailors are engaged in a war with an enemy of the country. Any effort to demoralize or weaken the forces in the field cannot be excused on the ground that those who engage in it are thereby expressing their hostility to the administration's policy in the East—if, indeed, it has a policy. It is a blow at the men who are fighting what must now be considered as our own battles, and it is a blow from behind. Consider for a moment what such an attempt means. If it should succeed, and if any considerable number of volunteers should insist on coming home in the face of the enemy, the troops that remained might be cruelly sacrificed. It is to the honor of American manhood, however, that no such consummation is to be feared. American soldiers are not made of the sort of stuff for the success of such a propaganda. And the sentiment that an attempt of that kind is a blow at the country—not only at its prestige, but at its honor—is common to most American citizens. It can do no good to those who undertake it, or to the cause in which they believe, but which they do not represent. As a firm believer in the folly of imperialism, and of the injustice of governing a people against their wills, the WEEKLY regrets that there should have been any attempt to weaken the soldiers in the Philippines, or any evidence of a lack of enthusiastic support of the country in its trial at arms. The way to put an end to imperialism is to force a peace by such energy and courage as our troops have been displaying, in the event that the administration is truly without other and better resources, and then, possessing some evidence of the terrible cost of this policy, to discuss the future not only in the light of our recent experiences, but in the calm contemplation of our happy past, which is mainly, if not wholly, due to our adherence to the wise, the ever-wise, counsels of the great and prophetic WASHINGTON.

SPEAKING of a suggestion that the British government should make an exchange with the United States of the island of Jamaica for the Philippines, we learn from a correspondent who is familiar with the opinions of English public men, and especially of English diplomats, that the suggestion does not excite much interest among them, because they do not regard it as practicable. It is a curious fact, however, that the future economic value of Jamaica is very seriously doubted by many Englishmen, and that there is a good deal of sympathy felt in London for the Jamaicans. Apparently it is supposed that they are about to suffer a good deal by reason of the closer trade intimacy which is likely to be established between the United States and Cuba; and since Jamaica, especially under the assumed conditions, is not likely to be of great future value to the mother-country, there is a disposition to permit her people to settle their own future, even if in doing so they secure annexation to the United States. But there are very few Englishmen who want the Philippines, and none at all who wants to succeed to our trouble in the islands. England, in other words, might consent to present us with Jamaica, but she would never consent to add to her kindness the assumption of our war. She does not want the islands, in the first place, because she does not believe that the islands are of any value, and, besides, nearly all reasonable Englishmen believe that the empire is big enough. Moreover, England greatly desires that we should keep the Philippines. It is not necessary to denounce the desire as selfish; but it is clearly for the benefit of England's case in the East that the United States should be involved in the Philippines, where we should often be in need of her friendly assistance—of such assistance, for example, as Captain CHICHESTER showed himself so ready to offer to Admiral DEWEY on occasion. So far as the Philippines are concerned, we may expect to be encouraged in annexing them by every British statesman and by every British party, except such real friends of ours as Mr. JAMES BRYCE and Mr. JOHN MORLEY. Even some Englishmen who are doubtful as to the value of the extended empire hope that we will keep the Philippines, because the knowledge that we were necessarily on the British side would vastly comfort them. They know, as our imperialists have not yet learned, that extended frontiers constitute a weakness, and nothing would please them better than the material support of our friendly shoulders.

IT is to be hoped that all the discussions of important subjects at the Czar's peace conference will be held in public. There are many reasons why every question involving the promotion of public morality should be addressed to the popular mind and the popular conscience. In all the countries of the world, and under all forms of government, the people are better than their rulers or their servants. We mean by this that the intelligent and moral private citizens of any country are more to be counted on for the promotion of a great humanitarian cause than are the men of the same country whose business it is to procure and retain public employment for themselves, and these intelligent and conscientious people once convinced, it follows inevitably that the great body of the people, whose instincts are in the main towards righteousness, are soon with them. Then follows the conversion of the politicians, most of whom are moved by "voices." The promotion of universal peace, although the first step towards the present conference was taken by an absolute ruler, is essentially a popular cause. Whatever has been done in this country, the people are aroused in Europe, and thousands of petitions have poured into the Hague from battle-scarred and army-burdened France alone. The lesson of peace is to be taught, and its virtues should be extolled with myriad voices. The conference should be a centre of enlightenment and of inspiration, and to that end most of its sessions ought to be open and all of its important discussions should be public. Of course some secret sessions will be necessary. There must always be secrecy where two or three diplomats are gathered together, but there is no reason, for example, why the policy of arbitration and of the freedom of commerce from plunder on the high seas in times of war should not be debated before the world. The value of the conference will be greatly enhanced if such a course should be followed.

THERE is something exasperating and indecent in the attitude of President KRUGER and his Boers towards the English people of the Transvaal. These people have developed the marvellous resources of the country, and have thereby enormously increased taxable values in President KRUGER's despotic so-called republic; but they are refused the most ordinary rights and privileges of citizenship, and the cunning President and his government have treated the Englishmen and their property interests as a rich quarry, from which they can gather tribute that will carry on their oligarchy at the smallest expense to themselves. Moreover, peculiar trade privileges give to the Boers certain monopolies, valuable to them, and oppressive to the Englishmen, who are excluded from them, and from the possibility of influencing the action of the state which taxes them and discriminates against them. It is perfectly true that the Dutch republic has the right to govern itself as seems good to its citizens, and that it has also the right to define and limit its citizenship. But it is living in the neighborhood of a powerful empire, whose subjects have been permitted to acquire property in the Transvaal, and who have there been denied privileges which, under their own government, they have been taught to regard as rights. We admire the independence of the Boers, but they are playing a dangerous game. None but a very strong power, or one geographically isolated, can maintain with safety the attitude which President KRUGER has assumed, and if the worst happens, very little sympathy will be felt for him and his republic by those who do not like oppression and absolutism of any sort.

THIS BUSY WORLD.

By E. S. Martin

A PATHETIC appeal comes from Florida in behalf of a band of Seminole Indians, for whom a thousand dollars is wanted to secure them in the possession of their present home. This band is known as the Cow Creek tribe, and contains about twelve families, numbering about seventy-five persons. Their camps at Cow Creek and Indian Town, forty miles southeast of Bassenger, include about 200 acres each. They have lived in these camps for thirty years, and have cultivated part of the land and used the rest as a range for hogs; but they have no legal title to the soil, and their homes and fields are at the mercy of any squatter who covets them, and who succeeds in locating their land on a map and buying the title to it from some land company or railroad.

Land that has been tilled is worth more than wild land, and already some squatters have entered Indian Town, built cabins there, and begun to crowd these poor Indians out of their meagre holdings.

There is a new-formed society in Florida called The Friends of the Florida Seminoles. Bishop Gray (Episcopal) of Orlando is its president; the Rev. D. A. Dodge (Presbyterian), of Kissimmee, is its vice-president; and among its other officers are State Senator Carson of Kissimmee, and Editor Wilson of the *Times-Union*, Jacksonville. The secretary of the society, Mr. Willson, writes that the only way to protect these Indians in the possession of their homes is to locate their camps, buy the land, and hold it in trust for them. A thousand dollars, he says, will serve the purpose amply, but he wants that thousand dollars very much, and he says he can't raise it in Florida. The society therefore "earnestly appeals to humane people in the North to subscribe the amount necessary to protect this remnant of a brave and historic people from robbery."

The Federal government intends to do something for the Seminoles presently, but the prospect is that long before the government's intentions take form this particular lot of Seminoles will have been driven to the wall. "It is a very pressing need," writes a correspondent, "for the white squatters are turning them out as the fancy seizes them, to have their corn and bananas ready-made, and, as Mr. Wilison says, every week counts." Subscriptions in their behalf will be received and acknowledged by J. M. Willson, Jr., Esq., Kissimmee, Florida.

THE imitators of Dooley prevail in unnecessary abundance. Imitators are vanity and vexation in literature as elsewhere.

IN one of the recent Stalky Stories Mr. Kipling told how a well-meaning member of Parliament rubbed the British flag into a lot of English schoolboys so hard that it turned their stomachs, and broke up a drill to which, up to that time, they had been devoted. The story is one proper for the consideration of persons whose duties include the training of the young in patriotism, for it is important that such persons should realize that the sort of patriotic exhortation which is well suited to some tastes and natures goes against the grain with others. The tale may possibly be useful in conveying to the minds of the projectors of the various flag exercises which prevail nowadays in the public schools the idea that there may possibly be such a thing as giving school-children more flag than they can digest, albeit the children of the public schools have youth in their favor, and are not so sophisticated as those whom Kipling writes of.

PERSONS who have sympathy to spare are invited to bestow some of their surplus on the people of Lake City, South Carolina. There are about five hundred persons in Lake City, and they are much inconvenienced because there is no post-office in their village, and they have to send several miles to get their mail and post their letters. They had a post-office, but it got them into trouble. The readers of the WEEKLY may remember about it. The postmaster was a negro named Baker. He was not satisfactory for some reason, and instead of bothering the department with complaints about him, some of the neighbors surrounded his house one evening and set fire to it, and shot and killed him and his wife and baby. Since then the department has not employed any postmaster at that village, but has been trying to find out who was responsible for killing Baker. It got together a good deal of evidence and tried several persons for the murder, but the jury stood seven to five for acquittal. The trial was about a month ago. Since then the Congressman from those parts, Representative Norton, has been to Washington to try to have a new postmaster appointed, but the department feels that Lake City has been too careless about its postmaster, and is too indifferent about bringing his murderers to justice. It seems to feel that a town that has not public spirit enough to catch and convict any one for murdering its postmaster in a conspicuous and public manner cannot really care whether it has a post-office or not. Representative Norton is quoted as holding that the inaction of the department is "infamous," but that will not be the general sentiment about it. The more reasonable feeling is that if the man who carries the mail for Lake City is one of the men who shot Baker, it serves him right to be put to that trouble, and if he is not one of the men who shot Baker, he ought to be thankful to have an errand that takes him out of Lake City and away from the murderers of Baker at least once a day. The simplest way for the Lake City people to escape the annoyance of not having a post-office is to move out and go somewhere else to live. But if they insist on staying on where they are, they ought to use their influence with the mob that killed the Bakers to induce some of them to come forward and be tried and convicted and hanged, for the general convenience of the community. The chances are that if one or two men could be lawfully hanged by the sheriff in memory of Baker, the post-office would be reopened.

IN discussing the army post-exchange and canteen question, it has been observed in the WEEKLY that the best judges of the merits or faults of the canteen system must be the officers of the regular army who have had a chance to see how it works. A law passed at the very end of the last session of Congress was supposed to have purposed the abolition of the canteen, but as interpreted by the Attorney-General it has not had that effect. But the canteen system has since been so much discussed that the War Department has determined to find out whether it is good for the army or not. Accordingly, every department commander in the United States, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines has been ordered to get a report on this subject from the commanding officer of every troop, battery, company, and regiment in his command. Each officer will be asked to tell what chance he has had to see the working of the canteen feature of the post exchanges—how it affects the morality of enlisted men, how it affects discipline, whether it promotes or lessens desertions, whether it makes trials by court martial more frequent, whether it increases drunkenness, whether it restrains men from drinking outside, what would be the effect of the absolute prohibition of the sale of beer in the army, and how the exchange system might be improved.

These questions, circulated according to the War Department's orders, ought to bring out all the information necessary to form an intelligent opinion on the subject. No one is fit to pass on the canteen system who has not seen how it works. No one is so much concerned about the moral and physical condition and the behavior of the American soldier as the officer who commands him. If the officers of the army say that the canteen is a detriment to the service, let it go, but let the army and not the temperance agitators settle its fate.

AT the annual dinner of the North Side Board of Trade, the other night, Mr. James G. Cannon, of the Fourth National Bank, preached an affecting after-dinner sermon on the culpable neglect of well-to-do persons to pay their bills. He raised his voice in behalf of the butcher, the grocer, the dressmaker, the doctor, the dentist, the local tradesman—of all who supply our daily needs and keep the household wheels turning. He said that the prompt payment of obligations to such creditors was a duty that was scandalously neglected, to the derangement of business, to the distress of individuals, and the detriment of the whole community. Persons who hadn't the money to pay their honest debts he sorrowed for, but persons who had the money and didn't pay he denounced. He told of the dressmaker who tried to throw herself under the elevated train because she couldn't pay her bills, and who turned out to have more money due her than she owed; he told of the grocer, in a small way, who failed, having $5000 due him for groceries from one family that lived on Fifth Avenue; he told of the fashionable dame who owed her dressmaker $150, paid $50 on account, and went to Europe, leaving the balance until fall, and leaving the dressmaker to distressful shifts meantime. He told also of the physician whose bill went unpaid so very long that at last he remonstrated; and the lady told him she had had the money for it three times from her husband, but had put it each time to other uses. Every one hears of cases of persons who ought to pay their bills, and could if they chose, and don't. They are very selfish persons. We are all selfish when we keep people who need the money we owe them waiting while we indulge ourselves in expenditures which we ought not to make. It is a great luxury to pay one's bills promptly. Strange to say, it is a luxury to which rich people do not all treat themselves. The people who spend more than they have are not the only ones who are slow pay. A good many persons who could perfectly well pay promptly don't, either because they don't like to part with money or else because they don't care.

Every one who can ought to pay very promptly. Those who can't should pay as promptly as they can. Those who do pay have in the end to pay for those who don't. To have to pay for those who can't is a sad duty, but it may be borne. To have to pay for those who could pay and won't is intolerable.

MARK TWAIN, according to the London *Times*, was to be received by the Emperor of Austria on May 25, and expected to leave Vienna on the following day. The *Times* correspondent also reported that Mr. Clemens had announced that he expected to spend a good part of his remaining days in writing his recollections of the remarkable people whom he has met. These recollections, it seems, are to be for the exclusive benefit of posterity, as their author's intention is to withhold them from publication for a hundred years. He thinks, it seems, that by that time readers will have forgotten him, and will not insist on his maintaining the style of composition which is associated with him by his contemporaries, and which they insist upon having.

A century is a long time to wait for the privilege of being serious, and Mr. Clemens's craving for a fresh audience and a new departure must be exceedingly strong to induce to so protracted a postponement. Let us hope he will write the book, at any rate; then perhaps, just as a precaution, he may have it put into type. Books keep better in print than they do in manuscript, and posterity is surer to get them.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, of Boston, has written an important letter, reviewing and lamenting the course of our government in the matter of the Philippines, but reaching, through much tribulation and in weariness of spirit, the conclusion that we have gone too far in our present course to turn back. He thinks that four months ago it was still possible for us to adhere to the traditional American policy, base our action towards the Filipinos on the Monroe doctrine, and treat them as we treated Mexico, keeping our ships at Manila, and leaving Aguinaldo to build up an independent government if he could. Now, he says, "we have destroyed that which was most virile, energetic, and promising in the conditions which we found. Under these circumstances, what remains for us to do?" His conclusion is that, having preferred the British policy to our own, we must go on with it, and try to make it work as well as possible. "The mischief is done; the mistake is irretrievable." It only remains that we should try to limit the interference of the United States to an absolute minimum—should do our best to keep the spoils system out of the Philippines, and uphold the administration in every effort it may make to give the Filipinos good government. "Having accepted the position of copyists," says Mr. Adams, "we must copy as closely as we can. Though we have abandoned the American policy, we should yet seek to infuse as much as we may of the essence of that policy into the conditions imposed upon us. At most it is not likely to be much." Undoubtedly Mr. Adams has expressed the feelings of a great many of his countrymen, who dislike the imperialistic idea as much as he does, and yet, like him, can see no other "way out" than to go on in the Philippines as we have begun.

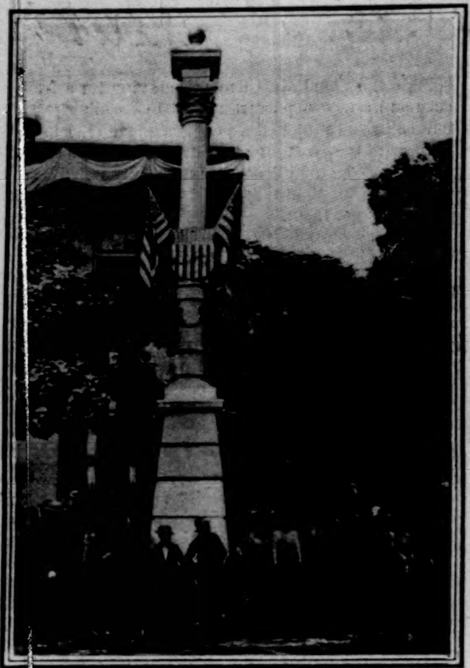
In some quarters, however, his conclusions are assailed with much bitterness, the Springfield *Republican* going so far as to quote for his enlightenment the assertion of Mr. Fessenden of Connecticut, that "God hates a quitter."

IN holding forth, the other day, in the WEEKLY about General Funston of Kansas, Mr. William Allen White fell into philosophical discourse, and averred that the human boy is an uncivilized creature who is not restrained from adventure by the fear of dirt. The adventurous hero, he explained, is a man in whom the boy spirit has survived, and the key to the character of General Funston is that in the thirty-three years of his eventful life there has never been a time when he thought twice about the dirt on his clothes.

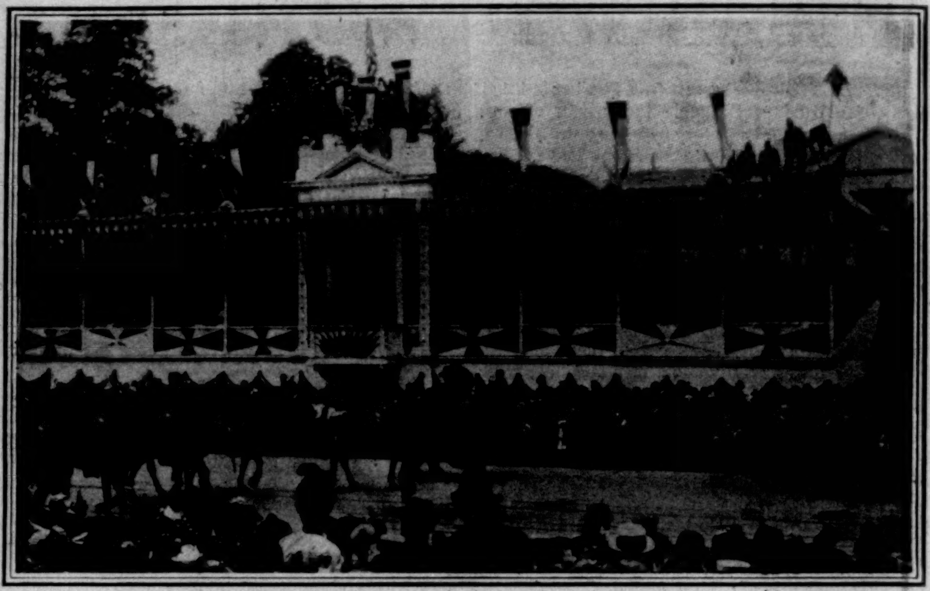
Mr. White's philosophy is all right. There is lots of untamed boy left in the man who loves adventure, as any one may prove who will go up to Albany and get a sample of Colonel Roosevelt for analysis. But in some quarters Mr. White's remarks, taken much too literally, have seemed to mean that General Funston and heroes in general are careless about their dress. That doesn't accord with the facts of history, since it has been recognized, ever since the Spartans curled their hair at Thermopylæ, that fighting-men are apt to be dandies. While, therefore, it is perfectly safe to believe with Mr. White that the fear of getting his clothes dirty or wet has never kept General Funston from doing anything that seemed expedient at any given moment, it will not be safe to infer that General Funston likes dirty clothes on general principles, or is careless in his dress, or less appreciative than other heroes of the great duty of personal adornment.

THE scheme which started in Washington to raise a fund to buy a house for Admiral Dewey seems not as yet to have taken full possession of the public mind. There is no question about the enormous popularity of the Admiral, and it cannot be doubted that, if the people of the country are stirred to give pecuniary expression of their sentiments towards him, a great deal of money will be paid in. If the money does not come, it will be because the Admiral's admirers have their doubts whether this form of appreciation will be agreeable to him.

NOTHING more is known at this writing about the accident to the American line steamer *Paris* than that she went aground early in the morning on May 21, near the Manacles, the rocks near the southwestern extremity of England, on which the *Mohegan* was wrecked a short time ago. The sea was smooth; the passengers and mails were taken off without loss or difficulty, and much of the cargo has since been removed, though the attempts to get the vessel herself clear have as yet been unsuccessful. The *Paris* was on her way to New York from Southampton and Cherbourg. The night was rainy and misty, but not unusually so. How the steamer came to be ten miles off her course within a few hours after leaving port is still a complete mystery. In the case of the *Mohegan*, all of the officers were drowned, so that little light was shed by investigation on the loss of that ship. The inquiry into the case of the *Paris* will be made in this country. The natural inference from the two successive wrecks is that there are currents in the English Channel that are very imperfectly understood.

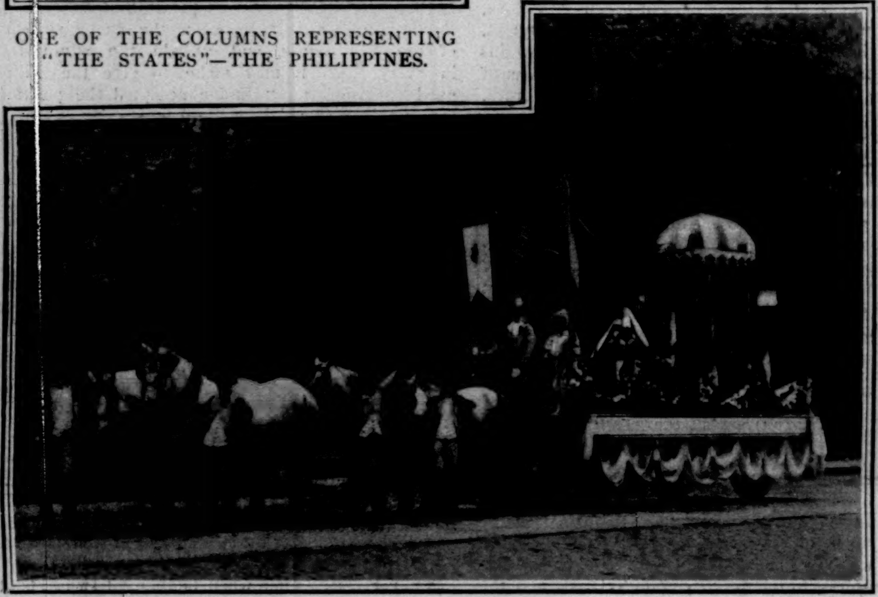


ONE OF THE COLUMNS REPRESENTING "THE STATES"—THE PHILIPPINES.

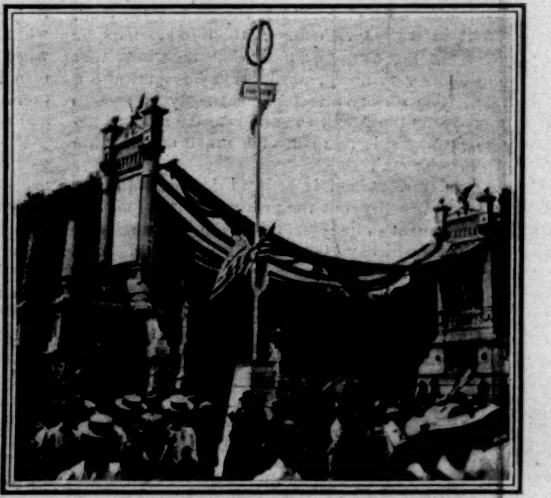


President McKinley.

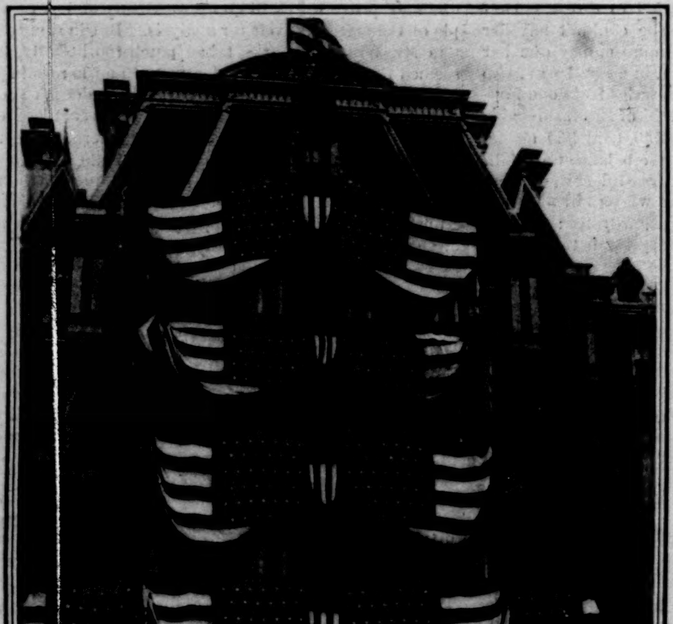
THE PROCESSION PASSING THE PRESIDENTIAL REVIEWING-STAND.



DECORATIVE FLOAT IN THE CIVIC PARADE.

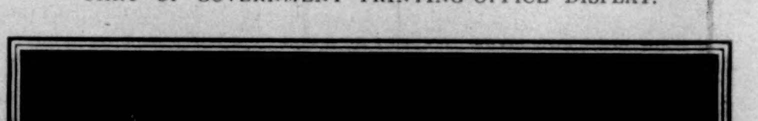


THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.



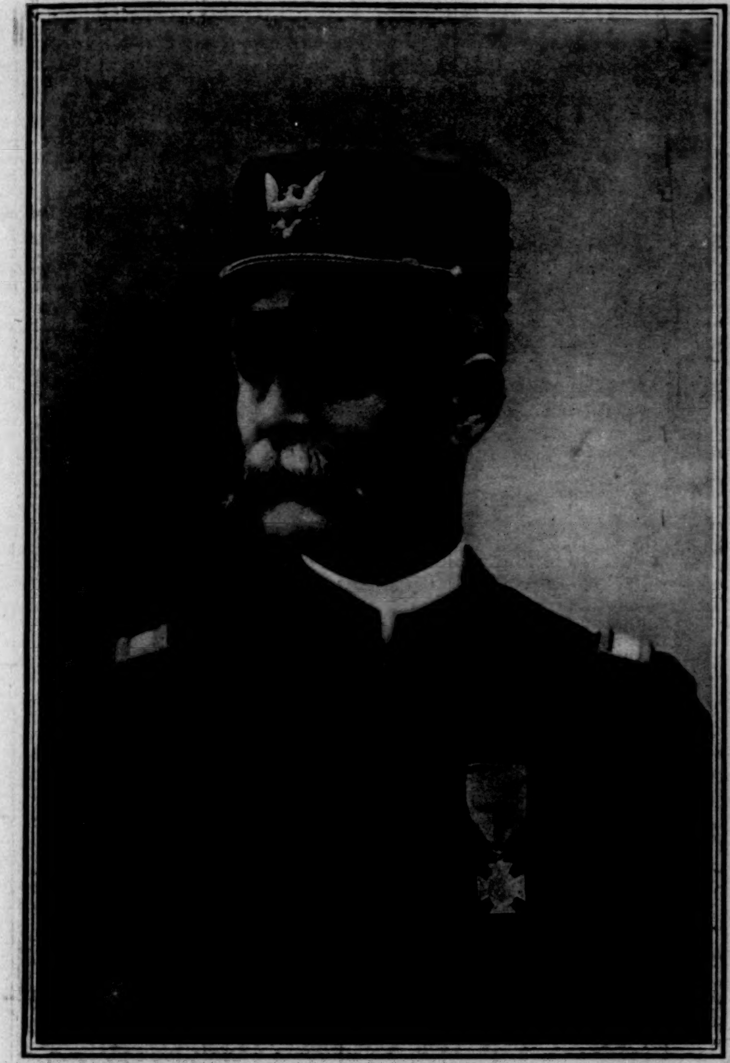
DECORATIONS ON THE TREASURY BUILDING.

PART OF GOVERNMENT PRINTING-OFFICE DISPLAY.



THE COURT OF HONOR AT NIGHT.

WASHINGTON—THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE ON MAY 23, 24, AND 25.—[SEE PAGE 561.]



COLONEL OWEN SUMMERS, U. S. V., 1ST OREGON VOLS.
Brevetted Brigadier-General for Gallantry.

FIGHTING THROUGH A BAMBOO THICKET.

ONE OF THE GUNS OF MAJOR YOUNG'S UTAH ARTILLERY AT WORK AT CALOOCAN.

WRITING LETTERS HOME.

WAITING FOR THE ENEMY ALONG THE RAILROAD.

LIEUTENANT CRITCHLOW'S GUNS MOVING TO THE FRONT.

THE PHILIPPINES—AT THE FRONT DURING THE ADVANCE ON AGUINALDO'S FORCES.

From Photographs by John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly" in the Philippines.

LONDON

May 13, 1899.

ALTHOUGH Sir William Harcourt, following in the steps of his two predecessors, has retreated into the comparative obscurity of a private member, his speeches continue to betray an animus against Lord Rosebery which contrasts unfavorably with the courtesy and dignity of the latter. Lord Rosebery, like Mr. Gladstone, has also retired into the privacy of private life, from which he does not emerge more than twice a week for the purpose of expressing his opinion upon the political and social topics of the day. At the City Liberal Club this week Lord Rosebery openly expressed his dissatisfaction with the state of the Liberal party, and gave it as his opinion that until the elements that existed in the party previous to the introduction of home-rule were recovered, no change for the better could take place. On the very next night a dinner was given at the Devonshire Club to the Welsh members by Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., their chairman. No reporters were present. At this dinner, at which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt were present, the latter expressed himself in terms which showed the raging fire within. Several versions of this speech have appeared in the public press, but I am informed by those who were present that the passage which excited the greatest astonishment has not yet been accurately given to the public. Sir William Harcourt referred to his late chief as "a noble lord who was out of work and who was not very particular as to where he got a job." While it is not unnatural that Sir William Harcourt should be angry at having missed his chance of the premiership, he is angry with the wrong person. Lord Rosebery's premiership was only made possible by Sir William Harcourt's unpopularity among his own colleagues, and while many are found to sympathize with Sir William Harcourt in his disappointment, the intemperance of language and want of dignity shown by his attacks on Lord Rosebery weaken his position before the public.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S son, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, who is about to be married to a young lady of great wealth, has been for many years his father's friend and secretary. His able defence and filial advocacy of his father's claims at the critical moment of his career roused much interest in political circles. The ability and tact displayed by Mr. Harcourt were recognized by those who differed from him as giving remarkable promise for his own political career. It is not improbable that Mr. Harcourt will now enter the House of Commons, and his great popularity and intimate knowledge of public affairs will re-enforce the anti-expansionist element in Parliament. Sir William Harcourt is now an old man, and there is small probability of his ever reaching the premiership. As a mordant critic of his successors, a career still awaits him.

THE opening of the grand-opera season this week at Covent Garden was attended by a crowded and fashionable audience, headed by the Prince of Wales. The scene was most brilliant. It began with a choral performance of the national anthem under Signor Mancinelli. The leader of Mr. Grau's American band, Herr Kremer, has joined the orchestra, and the prelude to "Lohengrin," with which the season opens, was most exquisitely played. M. Jean de Reszke excelled himself in his incomparable interpretation of the "Knight of the Swan." M. Edouard de Reszke is still in Paris. M. David Bispham delighted the most critical of English audiences with his dramatic force in the ungrateful character of *Telramund*.

THE development of the Transvaal crisis is interesting, and being behind the scenes, I am glad to be able to say that it is most unlikely that the Anglo-Transvaalian dispute will lead to trouble. Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger are to meet. The solution of the difficulty is greatly assisted by the fact that European opinion is unanimous in demanding reforms from President Kruger, and, secondly, that in the event of these reforms being obstinately refused he would not find a friend to support him in case the hands of England were forced. In the most unlikely event of a conflict taking place, an examination of the military position shows that a struggle can only have one end. The following facts are derived from a high military source, and are confirmed in other quarters: At the present time, according to the census of 1897, the Boers of the age to carry arms number 23,000 men. If the invalids, infirm, and other incapables are deducted, the number of efficient men that the Boers could put in the field would not be more than 16,000. On the English side there are about 12,000 regulars now stationed at the Cape and in Natal, with excellent artillery, and re-enforced by a colonial volunteer army well armed and vigorous and accustomed to war. There are 10,000 of these latter troops immediately available. Within twenty days after the declaration of hostilities re-enforcements would pour in from England and India. The Boers of the Orange Free State are compelled to remain quiet because at a day's notice the Basutos could mobilize 35,000 well-armed and well-mounted men, who would be flung at the Orange Free State. The tactics of the campaign would obviously be to occupy Pretoria and Johannesburg, and assuming that the railways were torn up leading to these two points, a simultaneous attack would probably be made on both the east and west sides. The Boers are without military transport, training, or practice in the movements of large bodies of troops. They have no understanding of the science of bodies of men acting in concert. There is no comparison between the defeat of Sir George Colley's small force at Majuba Hill or the surrender of Jameson's adventurers after a forced march and a campaign undertaken by Great Britain with the command of the sea and the tacit acquiescence, if not the full approval, of France and Germany.

THE unanimity of the French and German press is remarkable, and if I had space to quote from such writers as M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu and Yves Guyot it would be seen that they speak in the strongest manner of the necessity of English action. In the *Petit Parisien*, an Anglophobe journal, the opinion is expressed that the English government, acting in accord with the French government, and if possible the German government, should intervene in the Transvaal. The hypothesis of war will, however, I venture to think, never be realized, though my information leads me to suppose that President Kruger will threaten to resign many times before his old burgher supporters will agree to any change. These old people, whenever they have been previously discontented even with their own administration, have always been able to move farther north and live in peace. This has now become impossible to them, and the danger lies in a small body of fanatics absolutely opposed to all reform, and ready to fight even their own people rather than change the existing situation.

IN the whole political horizon there is but one point whence international disturbance is imminent. I am informed on high authority that the death of the present Ameer of Afghanistan will almost certainly be followed by heavy fighting between the supporters of the rival claimants for the vacant throne. Sir Salters Pyne, who for a long time has lived at Cabul as engineering adviser and superintendent to the Ameer, has now left his service. Facts that have come to my knowledge in connection with Sir Salters Pyne's period of office show the extraordinary courage and presence of mind displayed by him during the time of his sojourn among the Afghans. He was never free from the risk of assassination. The present Ameer has sustained his power by ruthless and ferocious tyranny. He has put an end to no less than thirty thousand lives since his accession to the throne, and not only was every serious rival thus effectively removed from the sphere of competition, but any Afghan who raised himself, whether by riches, character, or ability, one hand's-breadth above the level of the crowd was immediately singled out by Abdur Rahman and put to death. The human suffering inflicted by this ferocious monarch is without parallel in our days. One of his favorite modes of torture was to cause accused captives to be buried up to the head, so as to make sport, and then to be used as a mark for tent-pegging. Latterly the Ameer has found this method of execution not sufficiently lingering to satisfy his fastidious taste in torture, and has devised other means of dealing with his political opponents, which are indescribable in a journal intended for home reading.

THE American commissioners to the Peace Congress at The Hague have arrived in London. President Seth Low and Captain Mahan are naturally reticent as to the prospects of the conference. No one can tell how matters will shape, but there is no doubt as to the good-will of all the English-speaking commissioners towards the cause of peace. Directly and indirectly the United States are very strongly represented. Not only is our Ambassador in Washington the chief British commissioner, but Sir Henry Howard, the British minister at The Hague, is married to an American lady and is well known at Washington, where he was for a long time secretary of legation. Sir Henry Howard also has considerable Russian experience. He was chief secretary to the embassy under the late Sir Robert Morier, and there acquired knowledge of Russian politics and personages which will stand him in good stead. The great personal distinction of the representatives of the United States will invest their views with special weight, and with the cordial co-operation of Sir Julian Pauncefote and Sir Henry Howard, it is believed by thinking people that, whether or not success attends the deliberations of the Peace Council, the English-speaking powers will emerge from the discussion with clear convictions as to the necessity and the wisdom of a joint pacific policy. With the British and American fleets on the side of law and order, the corner men and rowdies of international politics will have but little chance of gratifying their propensities.

SOME considerable discussion has been created during the past week by a remark made by the ambassador in the course of a speech on behalf of an American charity. His Excellency coupled the names of Nelson and Dewey and Sampson. To the average insular Briton it was like receiving the contents of a bucket of cold water to hear the victor of Trafalgar and the Nile mentioned in the same breath with any other admiral, alive or dead. But when they came to think of it, the critics of the American ambassador found that he was not far out. Nelson had no torpedoes to deal with, and the exploits of Manila and the Nile have a family likeness which no impartial student of history can fail to perceive. It is difficult to overrate the advantage of an ambassador from the United States who speaks his mind with perfect courtesy and tact, but who allows it to be seen by all that he is conscious of representing the greatest nation on earth. I do not presume to say that American ambassadors in the past have sometimes spoken in a spirit of exaggerated politeness; but it is, I believe, incontestable that the diplomatic representatives of the United States who spoke often and with invariably honeyed words have done less to bring the two nations together than the present ambassador, who never opens his mouth without giving the British public something to think of. If it were possible without indiscretion to make a comparison, I should say that the strength and quiet forcefulness of Mr. Choate's public speeches in this country, few as they are, have already made a greater impression on the public mind than all the smooth speaking of his more voluble predecessors. Mr. Choate follows Colonel John Hay in the practice of speaking seldom, and rarely or never on political questions. His success is all the greater because it is evident that he is far more intent upon representing his fellow-countrymen with dignity than on winning popularity.

ARNOLD WHITE.

J. A. H. Keith, '99 (Y.). S. B. Rosenthal, Law (P.). R. T. Parke, Law (Y.). R. C. Bolling, '00 (P. and Alternate, Y.).

W. Morse, '00 (P.). H. F. Wolff, '99 (P.). T. S. Alexander, '99 (Alternate, P.).

HARVARD'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE DEBATES WITH YALE AND PRINCETON.
College the Individual helped to Defeat represented by Initial in Parentheses.

Harvard's Debaters

HARVARD has sometimes done better in baseball than she has been doing this spring, but she has seldom done herself more credit in oratory.

On Wednesday, April 5, there was an intellectual setto between Harvard and Princeton at Alexander Hall in Princeton. The question was:

> *Resolved*, That a formal alliance between the United States and Great Britain for the protection and advancement of their common interests is advisable.

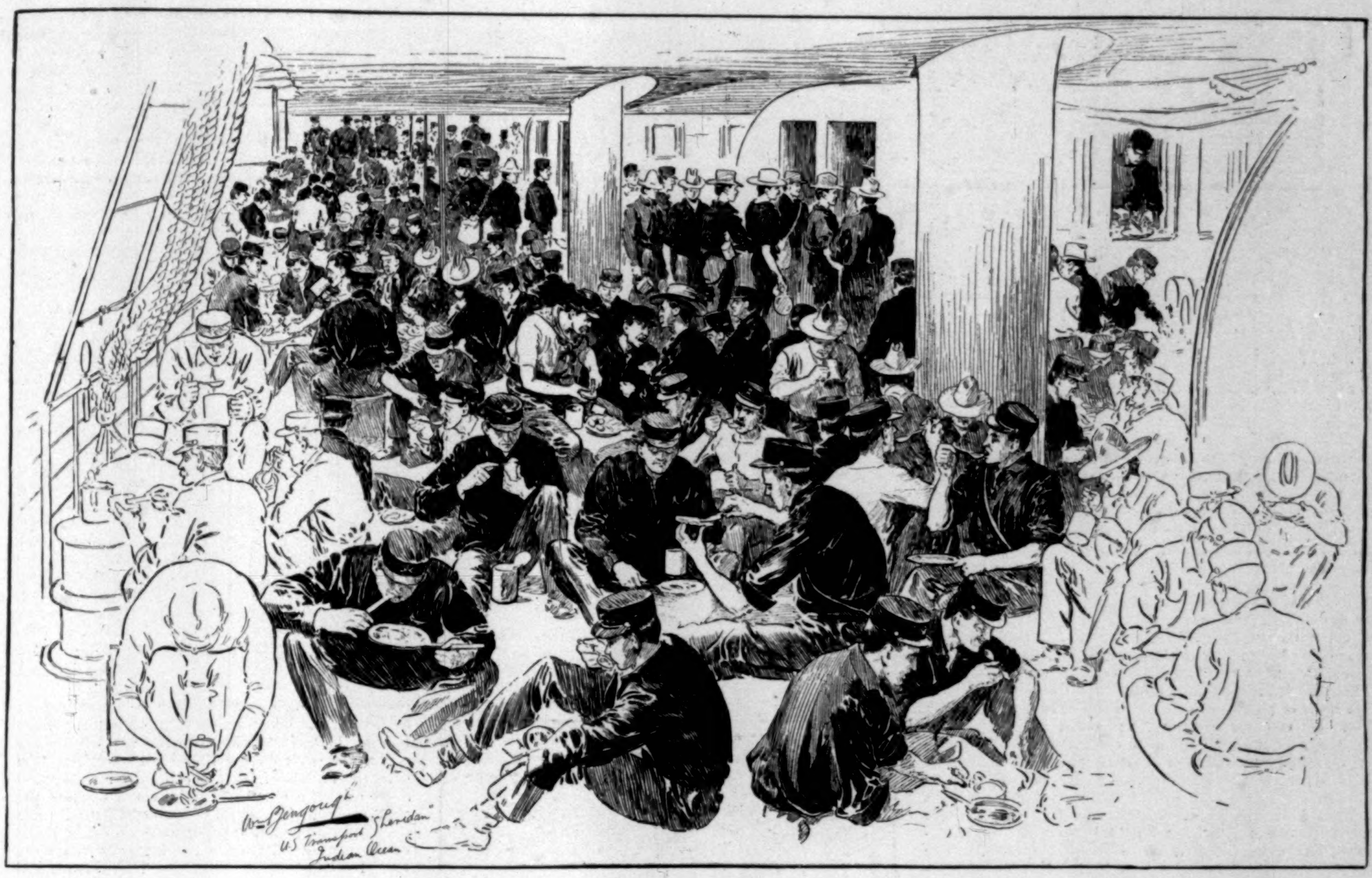
Harvard took the negative. The debate is described as able and satisfactory. There was no quibbling over the meaning of the question. Both sides understood it, and argued it to the best of their powers. Harvard was adjudged to have won. Her strength, the expert observers said, lay in her "team-work" (which means that the debaters were skilful in dividing up their job), and in the persistence with which her men drove home their objections. Princeton held that American trade interests were endangered, and needed the alliance. Harvard's attack on that position was so vigorous as to upset it, and she backed up that onset by an imposing and effective array of objections to the alliance.

The Harvard-Yale debate, held in Cambridge on May 12, was considered by some experienced listeners to have been the best inter-collegiate debate ever had. Yale had beaten Harvard in debate three times running, and there was unusual interest in the match. Yale had choice of sides, and took the negative.

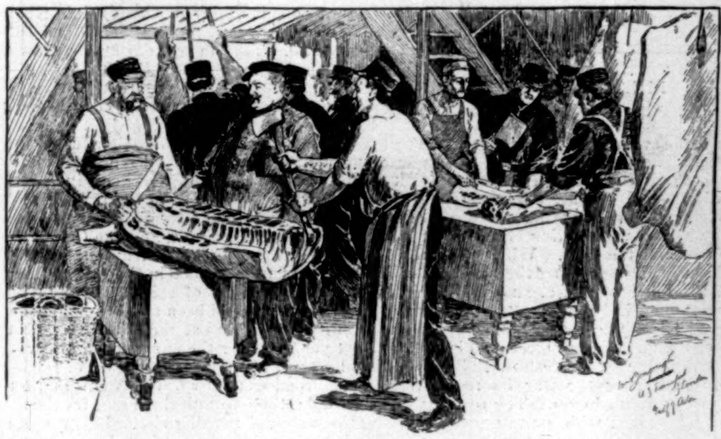
The subject was:

> *Resolved*, That the present method of electing United States Senators is preferable to a method of election by popular vote.

The debate is commended as being of exceptional merit—lively, spontaneous, and particularly effective in its rebuttal speeches. The judges, after being out more than half an hour, gave their decision in favor of Harvard.

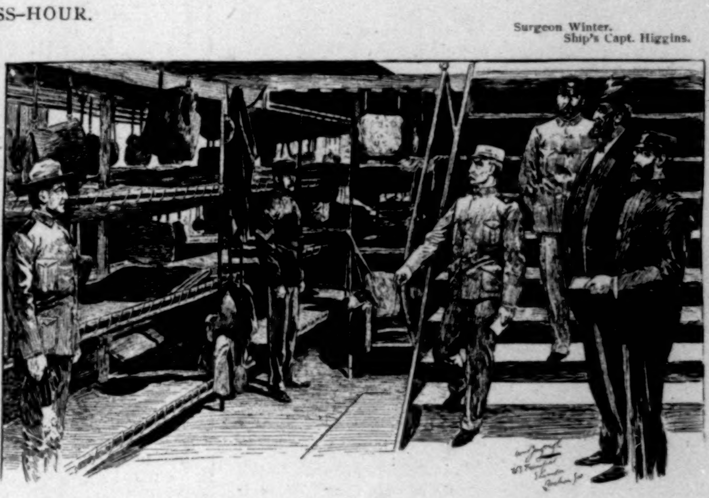

W. Bengough
U.S. Transport Sheridan
Indian Ocean

THE MESS-HOUR.



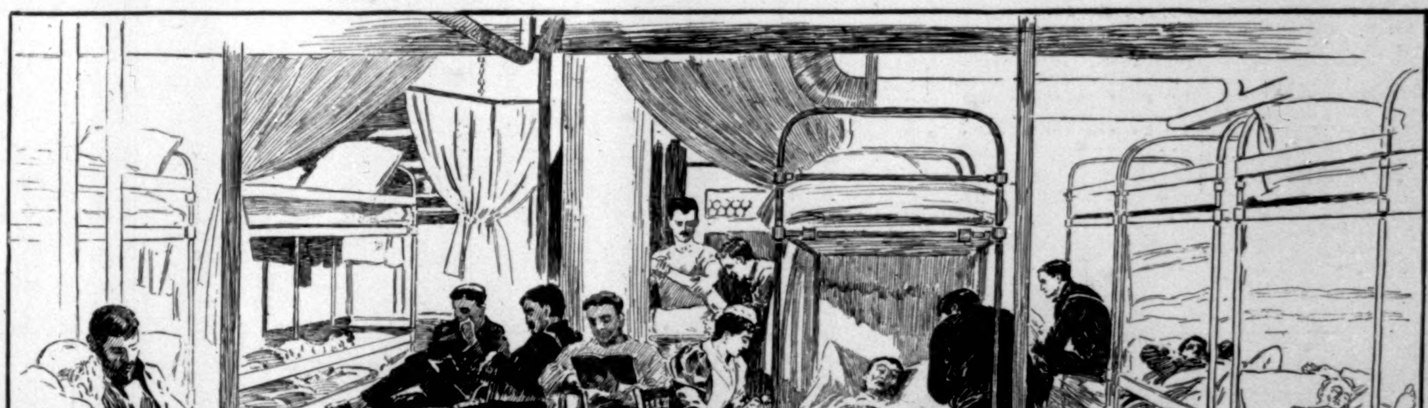
THE BUTCHER SHOP.

Surgeon Winter.
Ship's Capt. Higgins.



Capt. Ayer, 12th Infantry. Lieut.-Col. Smith, 12th Infantry. Capt. Coulling, Q. M.

INSPECTION OF THE BERTH-DECK.


W. Bengough
U.S. Transport Sheridan
Red Sea

THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL.

LIFE ON AN ARMY TRANSPORT BOUND FOR MANILA.

Sketches by William Bengough, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" on Board the "Sheridan."—[See Page 557.]

The RECONSTRUCTION *of* CUBA

By Franklin Matthews

LIBERTY
&
JUSTICE

X.

CONDITIONS IN PINAR DEL RIO

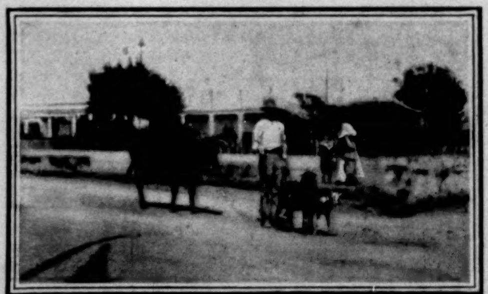
WHEN one wishes to leave Havana by rail to see something of the real Cuba—say, to take a trip to Pinar del Rio or to Cienfuegos—he must get up very early. The through trains leave at six o'clock in the morning. I asked the chief engineer of the railroad to Pinar del Rio why so early a start was made for a town only 109 miles away, and he said it was so as to get back the same day. That sounds ludicrous at first, but when one goes over the road and learns something of the hardships involved to keep the road in running order in the last four years—a struggle against men with torches, who burned down stations; against men with crowbars, who tore up mile after mile of rails and twisted them out of shape or hid them; against armed bands of revolutionists, and on more than one occasion with Maceo's army of several thousand men, the railroad officials shooting from armored cars; against dynamite explosions, and the practical loss of all revenue, with continued confiscations and taxation and reprisals by the Spanish authorities—one wonders how the trains, only a few months after the war closed, managed to start out at all, to say nothing of coming back.

The American traveller is not only likely to grumble when he is compelled to hurry to the station in the thick gloom of the early morning, but when he reaches the station and finds that he must pay about five cents a mile in gold, and from seven to eight cents a mile in Spanish silver, to ride in the back-breaking cars known as first-class carriages, and that for an ordinary trunk he must pay about half fare, he is inclined to scoff at the primitive mode of travel, and to long for the luxury of even stage-coach journeying on a Western mountain road. The amazing amount of computation by the ticket-agent before he sells a ticket, the smoky lamps, the three preliminary tootings by the engine before the train starts, the final ringing of a bell by the baggage-master as a signal that the train really is going, the crowded condition of the aisles, choked with luggage for which the passengers do not care to pay toll, and every man in the train, from the conductor down to the barefooted brakemen, smoking tobacco of varying degrees of excellence—all this is likely to weary the American traveller used to the luxury of Pullman cars. A few hard jolts soon after the train leaves the station bring up to the imagination the prospect of a miserable trip, and one is inclined at the very outset to rail at the crudities of travel by cars in the island of Cuba.

And yet such travel is not really disagreeable. I have ridden on worse road-beds and in cars almost as uncomfortable within 150 miles of New York city, and it may be said with truth that the road-beds of the Cuban railroads only a short time after a devastating war, in which they were continual sufferers, are in much better condition than the average Southern railroad was in our own country ten years ago. I had the pleasure of travelling several hundred miles in Cuba with Mr. W. F. Allen, the editor of the *Travellers' Official Railroad Guide*, an authority in the matter, and here is what he wrote on the subject of Cuban railroads after his return:

> The railways are not far behind the times, when the conditions by which they have been surrounded and the traffic they have to provide for are carefully considered. The right of way is fenced—if that is the proper term to use for cactus hedges or stone walls. The cactus hedge is admirable for the purpose, being almost impenetrable, and unpleasant to surmount. The roads are laid with steel rails, from fifty to sixty-two pounds to the yard, joined with fish-plates, with rock ballast, and generally well tied and surfaced. Some of the switches are of the stub variety, but split switches are also in use. The couplings are of the old-fashioned link and pin style, but automatic couplers are being introduced. The passenger-trains are equipped with air-brakes. Freight-cars are of smaller dimensions than cars recently built in the United States, and more like those of thirty years ago. Permanent tops are used, not the tarpaulin covers employed on English goods-wagons.
>
> The ticket-agent does not have an enviable time in making change. He now has three currencies to deal with, viz., American money, Spanish gold, and Spanish silver. The Spanish peso, or dollar, is nominally the same as our dollar, but actually is quite different. An American dollar is worth about $1 07 in Spanish gold and about $1 66 in Spanish silver at the published rates. These rates are regulated in part by the government terms of exchange at the Post Office and Custom House. The actual weight of the gold and the current value of silver, which varies from day to day, affects the rate of exchange, which is announced in the daily papers.

I have rarely had a more enjoyable railroad trip than the one I took one morning in February to Pinar del Rio. The cactus hedges; the absence of dust; the first glimpses of a rolling landscape with the splendid royal palms, now marking a watercourse or road and now grouped by the hundreds in some old grove; the red, black, and gray soils; the return of the people to agricultural pursuits near the towns; the waste places overgrown with weeds; the cattle roaming about, at last in peace; the crude viaducts bringing water to tobacco tracts; the enlarged grave-yards; the ruins of stations; the block-houses at almost every mile of the journey; the ragged and half-starved people; the beggars at every stopping-place; the Cuban soldiers doing police duty at all stations; the passengers, from the German planter, lugging out great bags of silver to pay his plantation hands, and the officers of the American army going out to new duties, to the pinched-faced widows going back to what was once home; the thatch-roofed villages, where thousands of reconcentrados starved; a beautiful range of mountains running along the coast from east to west, protecting the famous Vuelta Abajo tobacco district from harsh winds, and resembling in their contours the Catskills, but only about one-half as high—all these made every rod of the journey interesting and picturesque. The first-class car on the train had seats with cane bottoms and backs—necessary because of climatic conditions—and one soon forgot to look at the sickening greenish-yellow decorations of the car and to notice the small windows with sliding blinds to keep out the glare of the sun and the heat. When one had a guide to point out places of interest along the route, the irregularities of the road-bed and the half-cleaned condition of the cars were forgotten entirely.



TOWN MILKMAN IN PINAR DEL RIO.

On the train that morning I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Alfred P. Livesey, the resident engineer of this railroad, which is known officially as the Western Railway of Habana (limited), and during the war its real superintendent. He is a young Englishman. The road is owned by English capitalists, but, with a protracted strike and the war with which to contend on the one hand and Spanish extortion on the other, it is not surprising that no dividends have been paid for seven years. The story that Mr. Livesey told of the tribulations of the road is practically a duplicate of the experiences on other railroads in Cuba before and during the war, and explains why excessive rates for freight and transportation are charged, and why the systems are in a crude condition. Mr. Livesey said that the import duties on a locomotive during Spanish rule were almost $5000, and that coal cost nearly $6 a ton; taxation rates were enormous, and Spanish extortion was such that it was almost a wonder that a railroad could do any business at all.

In the western part of the island during the war Antonio Maceo and his men operated. They burned towns and destroyed plantations and roamed apparently at will even to within a few miles of Havana. Their stronghold in the mountains was never attacked. They tore up the tracks of the railroad week after week; and yet the company, under the constant supervision of Mr. Livesey, managed to operate about sixty miles of the road all the time, in a hit-or-miss fashion. Three locomotives and sixty cars of the small equipment necessary to such a short line were destroyed, nine out of fewer than thirty stations were burned, mile after mile of rails was carried off, and yet the road would not give up. No track-work could be done, and all paying traffic ceased. Mr. Livesey built what he called "armored wagons," thirteen of them, at a cost in placing the crude iron plates and strips about them of about $500 each. The iron protection, consisting of any kind of scraps, weighed about 3000 pounds to the car. In all, 180 armed men were employed on these trains, and usually there were forty men to a train. They were sent out daily to repair bridges and culverts, to find stolen rails and replace them.

On one occasion one of these trains was out two weeks. The rails had been taken up behind it, and the crew nearly starved. Day and night the men shot at revolutionists from their cars. One day, just beyond the town of Artemesia, forty-four miles from Havana, they met Maceo and 5000 men. The advance-guard of the insurgents attacked the train. No one was killed on the train, but the railroad men killed eight of the insurgents and captured nine of their horses. On another occasion a train trying to get back to Havana found a gap of 200 feet in the road-bed without rails. All the rails from the sidings and from branch roads running to sugar-plantations had been taken up and used in the effort to get home, and no more could be found. It became necessary to take up the rails from behind the train to piece out the gap.

Mr. Livesey told me that on his various trips he had seen the bodies of fully one hundred men "hanged like dogs on little shrubs" in the cruel warfare practised in that region. These fatalities represented raids at night on plantations or into small villages. The stories he told of the people starving in the larger towns were too horrible for comfortable reading. He said to me that in the town of San Cristóbal, one of the largest on the way to Pinar del Rio, a little over sixty miles from Havana, more than 6000 persons had died during the war. The normal population of the place is about 5000. It was at Candelaria, one station before San Cristóbal is reached, that General Weyler went out to find Maceo and to capture and destroy him. This, in popular language, was one of the few military grand-stand plays that Weyler made. He was to come back to Havana a conquering hero; and Antonio Maceo, dead or alive, was to come back with him. He came back, but Maceo remained in the mountains. The Spanish troops experienced a frightful mortality, and one day Mr. Livesey superintended the removal of 2500 sick soldiers to Havana. It required six special trains. Near by, and almost visible from the railroad station, was the mountain stronghold of Maceo, Cacarajicara, that was never taken by the Spaniards, and the Cuban general almost enjoyed seeing with his own eyes the flight of Weyler back to his guarded palace in the Cuban metropolis.

This was a novel kind of railroading for a mild-mannered gentleman who had been sent from England to help make a railroad pay; and at the time of my visit he said he had not yet got over the surprise of receiving letters occasionally from planters saying some of the rails of the Western Railroad were down their wells, and asking him to please send a force to pull them out, for the sake of improving the water, if nothing else. Labor was scarce in the island at that time, and although repairs were being made to the road-bed and to trestles and bridges, and although new stations were being erected in the places of those that were burned, it was slow work putting the line in good order. No one rejoiced more than the railroad men at the termination of the war. The excessive Spanish duties on rolling-stock and on rails, and the killing taxes imposed by the Spanish, were at an end. Mr. Livesey said his road would practically have to be rebuilt. He contemplated building modern cars in Havana. New rails, he said, would be laid, and, under the peace that American occupation had brought, he hoped soon to see the day when the railroad would not only be in first-class condition with a modern plant, but when a dividend would be earned and freight and passenger rates reduced to a reasonable figure. Reduced freight rates will mean much to the enormous tobacco business carried on in the western end of the island.

For a little distance after leaving Havana on this railroad one catches glimpses of the one good road in the

COUNTRY NEAR PINAR DEL RIO—AMERICAN MILITARY CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.

A FIELD OF THE FINEST TOBACCO IN THE WORLD, NEAR PINAR DEL RIO.

island—a yellow thread that winds about in the rough green carpet covering the flat country. There are knolls here and there, and, except for the palms and strange people and houses, one might fancy himself in central Ohio, so far as the country is concerned. Track laborers could be seen occasionally, and when one of the passengers saw a solitary ploughman out in the deserted country there was a crowding to windows to catch a look at such a curiosity. The first block-house along the road attracted general attention, and there was a sense of satisfaction in seeing that it was being dismantled. Altogether there were no less than seventy-five of these block-houses along the road to protect its bridges and trestles and rails, but Mr. Livesey told me that they were "utterly useless." The region a few miles out of Havana was so deserted that when a buzzard began a race with the train there was a general exclamation of pleasure that there was at least something alive in the region. We passed over several substantial bridges and culverts, and the eye roamed across the country in vain to find the people at work, in as fertile a region as probably can be found anywhere, but there were only shrubs and weeds and grass to be seen. Morning-glories along the track seemed curious in a region that had been devastated.

When the first village was reached, one saw that truly Havana and the other large cities of the island were not representative dwelling-places of the Cubans. In a village of perhaps one thousand inhabitants probably not more than half a dozen buildings would be of stone. The rest were mere huts of palm leaves or boards with thatched roofs, and all arranged in rows for streets. Naked children swarmed out of the huts, and women in black came to the openings called doors, and they gave the Cuban salute which corresponds to our waving of the hand. They raised a hand with the palm toward the train, and opened and shut their fingers in a rapid movement. The red tiles on some of the huts in place of the thatched roofs added picturesqueness to the village. We stopped long enough to be overwhelmed by begging children, and then the ting-a-ling of the baggage-master's bell was heard, and off we went, to a general salute from the town.

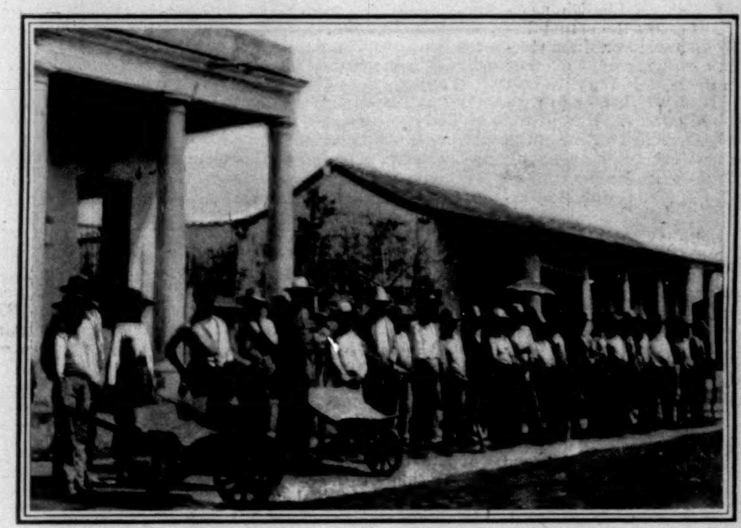
A dozen miles out of Havana one may see, off toward the north, the curious geological formation of the only hill or mountain thereabouts. It is the Hill of the Jesuits, on which the famous Catalan Club was situated. It looks to the traveller like Snake Hill, on the New Jersey meadows back of Hoboken, only it seems three times as long and half again as high. It is a beautiful place, and a landmark for a score of miles around. It was near this hill that Antonio Maceo lost his life, shortly after having been entertained one day by Perfecto Lacoste, the present Mayor of Havana, at Mr. Lacoste's magnificent country place, said to be the finest of the kind on the island. Not until one reaches Candelaria, fifty-seven miles from Havana, does he see the chief topographical glory of the province of Pinar del Rio. It is the beautiful mountain range that runs parallel with the northern coast to the western end of the island. The rugged slopes and thick growth of timber on the peaks, with here and there a cliff hundreds of feet high, and almost no natural passes, make the range almost impregnable. It seems as if a hundred thousand men might hide in its recesses with comfort and safety. Deer are said to be plenty there, and so long as Maceo remained in these mountains he was in no more danger from roving Spaniards than he was from the shadows that chased up and down the beautiful flanks of the peaks.

At every station there was something novel to be seen. At San Cristóbal we saw where the water-works of the town had been blown to pieces by a dynamite bomb placed in the roof. Some of the machinery had been forced four feet into the ground by the explosion. As we left the station we ran close by the small-pox hospital of the place. It was close to the town and very dirty. A man stood in the doorway, and it was to be presumed that he was immune to the germs that must have been thick about the place. At Palacios, eighty miles from Havana, we found the railroad company putting in a fine new trestle about three hundred feet long, to take the place of one not destroyed, as we thought at first, by the insurgents, but by a disastrous flood in 1896. There had been no opportunity up to this time to make the repairs. After we left Palacios we found the country open and flat, with the frowning mountain range running parallel to our course, but from five to ten miles away. The smoke of the charcoal-burners arose in black shafts, and made one think of the burnings of towns and villages in the war-time. Palacios itself was burned twice during the war, and there was scarcely a roof left in the place. The town was new so far as the buildings were concerned, and doubtless this fact added to its healthfulness. Little patches of tobacco under cultivation were now numerous, and the palms took on a new shape. They were of the kind known popularly as "belly-palms." Half or two-thirds up the slender trunk they swelled out and resembled the condition of the bodies of the starving children during the reconcentrado period. Many of them had been felled, and as they lay they looked like the swollen bodies of some animal partly hidden in the weeds.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. DAVIS, U. S. V., AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF IN FRONT OF HIS HEADQUARTERS.

Twenty miles from Pinar del Rio we emerged into a beautiful open country—the best part of the Vuelta Abajo district. Tobacco-plantations under a high state of cultivation came into view. The leaves of the plants were so strong and large and so rich in the beautiful deep green color that one felt that Cuba was becoming itself again. Here was the beginning of the return of prosperity, and the land was smiling. Finally, through a landscape dotted with palms irregularly and huts scattered about promiscuously, as if on some Western prairie beginning to fill up rapidly, we saw the outskirts of Pinar del Rio, and then its cathedral and its fine military hospital standing out above the other buildings conspicuously. We stopped at a comfortable and large railroad station, and soon were whirling through the rough streets and up a hill, past substantial buildings, to the centre of the town.

Here we were at last in real Cuban life, far from Havana and the coast. The buildings were one-storied affairs with barred windows. The atmosphere of the place was one of indolence, and the nervous activity of Havana was absent. Block-houses encircled the town of perhaps seven thousand inhabitants, but they were occupied by families of reconcentrados. Sentinels of the American regular army marched up and down the streets, doing police duty in the absence of any regular police force of the town. The shops were empty, and tracts of tobacco were seen almost in the centre of the town. The place had a rural aspect, and the acres upon acres of tobacco showed that in a few weeks at least prosperity of a limited kind was to return to the place. It did one's eyes good to see the city, probably the only place in Cuba at that time where there was evidence of a swift and sure return to the conditions that were almost normal.



CIVIL PRISONERS MADE TO WORK ON THE STREETS.

There are few cities in Cuba more beautifully situated than Pinar del Rio. It is on the side of a gently sloping hill, with a range of mountains three miles away that give a rugged and picturesque background to it. The scenes in the town were distinctively Cuban. Men were busy playing the gambling game of the island—dominoes—in the cafés. At night there was an open-air bowling game going on in an open space near the post-office; long trains of mules, tied nose to tail, brought in bananas and wood and vegetables from almost inaccessible plantations among and beyond the mountain range; the town milkmen drove their cows and goats from door to door, and gave their patrons their choice of the kind of milk supplied fresh at one's door; the boys were playing baseball in the streets and on vacant lots, and using American words in the game; double-teamed army wagons were rumbling through the town to the camp of the regulars out on the plain a mile and a half away; and the widows that came out at sunset told a story of the meaning of war in that region.

Our military governor of Pinar del Rio at that time was Brigadier-General George W. Davis, who has since been assigned to the command of Puerto Rico. A few minutes' conversation showed that General Davis was no ordinary man. He is blunt and direct, kindly but firm, and entirely devoid of any suggestion of vanity or pomp. Out West they would say he has plenty of "horse-sense." With perhaps one or two exceptions he had done the best work in Cuba, and it had attracted little attention. He had made a tour through the larger part of his province, knew the military and political situation thoroughly, had gathered information of great use to this government, had used great tact and patience with the Cubans, had encouraged them to peaceful pursuits, and had impressed upon them, by his clever executive ability, that the Americans were really honest and true friends of the Cuban people. He had not upset the normal functions of government, and he told me that he had had the fullest co-operation of the citizens in his work. He was deservedly popular, and the day that he left, having been summoned to Washington, the railroad station was thronged, and there was a suspicious moistening in many eyes at the thought that he might not come back. It is a pleasure to write that he is a specimen of the very best type of our army officers, and his work and his popularity right there in Pinar del Rio proved it.

I was surprised to find that not only was General Davis a good military man (that was to be expected) and a good civil administrator, but that he was something of a student, not only of governmental questions, but of natural history. I remember that, coming down to Havana with him on the day he left Pinar del Rio, he pointed out various botanical specimens. He seemed to know all about the trees and shrubs and grasses and flowers. He talked also about the animal life of Cuba, not as one who had heard certain interesting things, but as one who had studied them. He discussed governmental problems and theories—not for publication, of course, but I am sure he will not object if I use his words on one topic. He pointed out a peasant's hut with its thatched roof and palm-leaf sides, its ragged and naked children, its two pigs tied by their legs close to the one door of the hovel, its dog, and its owner sitting on a bench smoking a pipe at his resting-time in the middle of the day. The peasant was little more than a mere animal. He knew nothing, of course, and cared for little except to be let alone in peace. Since the American soldiers had come he had learned that there were other countries in the world besides Spain and Cuba, but that was all. Pointing to him, General Davis said:

"If annexation is to be the outcome of all this trouble, there is the man whom we must make an American citizen. Can we do it?"

General Davis did not answer the question himself, and the way he put it indicated that it needed no answer in his mind. I do not know his real sentiments on the matter, but I was repeating his remark to another general of high rank, also a military governor, and, with some spirit, that general said to me,

"What does General Davis know of the limitations of

MULE TRAIN COMING INTO THE CITY FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

American citizenship, and who shall circumscribe its bounds?"

There you are, and rather than begin a controversy upon a delicate question, I hasten back to General Davis. Still talking about the man who lives in a hut in Cuba, and who cares for nothing in his ignorance but to live from day to day, he said:

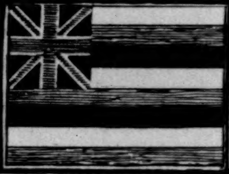
"The richness of this region almost surpasses belief. I know of no other place in the world where a man can prosper with so little effort as he can here. Take that man out there. Give him a hoe and a machete, and enough beans and potatoes to last for three months, and by cultivating from an acre to two acres of tobacco he can clear, say, $250 in ninety days, having started with nothing but his two tools, his seed, and a few dollars' worth of food. He and his wife may have not more than two garments apiece; his children may have no clothes at all. With his machete he will build himself a hut, and with his hoe he will raise tobacco, and in ninety days he will be well off. He can raise two such crops a year. In two years he can afford to hire others to work for him, and in three years, if he so chooses, he can be rich for a man in his station. Where else in the world can this be done? I say that it is marvellous."

Speaking still of the problems involved in American occupation, General Davis told me that he had asked a leading member of the bar in Pinar del Rio if he knew what the right of habeas corpus, as it is known in England and the United States, was. The lawyer said he did, and when General Davis asked him to define it, the lawyer became confused and went to pieces. He had no conception of it at all, though a very bright man. General Davis cited this to me to show that only the vaguest ideas were held by the most intelligent of the masses in Cuba as to what free government, as we understand it, really means. He paid a tribute to the thorough and efficient work done by Spanish officials in drawing up papers for official preservation. They were always complete, he said; faultlessly written out, and a misspelled word was a curiosity. As I have said, I do not know General Davis's innermost ideas about the future of Cuba, but I think I am warranted in saying that those of the administration who have that problem to solve would do well to summon the general to a protracted conference, for he has opinions on the subject of great value, and he knows how to tell them.

In his investigations into the affairs of his province General Davis found that two censuses had been taken in recent years. One was in 1877, and the other in 1887. The later census showed that there were about 220,000 persons in the province, of whom about 60,000 were blacks.

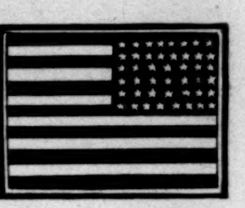
He estimated that by 1896 there must have been, in the normal increase of the population, from 280,000 to 300,000 persons in the province. Of these, judging from the examinations of various places in the province, and from the records kept, he thought that fully 150,000 persons had died during the war. In a town which had 9000 inhabitants before the war, there were in January last about 4000. One place of 1600 people before the war, had only 250 early this year. Towns of 5000 were reduced to from 1600 to 2000. All this reduction in population meant death by disease and famine from the effects of the war. In the city of Pinar del Rio, General Davis said he had records of the deaths of 5800 persons, giving the name, age, and sex of each. He thought that perhaps 2000 others had died there, reconcentrados who had been driven in from the country.

Such was Pinar del Rio during the war and immediately after. As early as February its entire tobacco crop had been sold, and there was money in circulation in the town. Its recovery from the effects of the war will doubtless continue to be rapid and sure. In another article I shall discuss the tobacco situation, which centres largely in Pinar del Rio.



HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY CASPAR WHITNEY



VII.—IN FEUDAL DAYS*

THE study of ancient Hawaii yields little that is impressive. Few peoples have left less to indicate early prowess, and none has left so few monuments to suggest a period of splendid, if savage, accomplishments. There are no temples of grand proportions and complex architecture, no idols of a fashioning to cause wonder, no relics of an ancient admirable art. They appear always to have been an acquiescent people, with no originality or especial force of character, and only the industry born of necessity.

Ancient Hawaiians, in truth, created little. Of all the peoples in the great South Pacific Ocean their handiwork reveals less originality, less art, least diligence. They did no stone-carving equal to that of the Tahitians, nor basket-braiding so good as the Samoans, nor wood-carving to be compared with the remarkable work of the Maoris, or with that of the Fijians. The yellow feather cloaks the Hawaiians made (in comparatively modern times) for royalty certainly represent careful toil, but were notable chiefly for the time consumed in their manufacture, and do not reveal the originality in design or artistic grotesqueness of the bird-work done by the untamed races of New Guinea. Although they were so largely a voyaging people, their canoes were marked with less finish than that of almost any of the Polynesians, and were never decorated. Indeed, Hawaiian workmanship does not show either the thought in design or skill in execution or decoration of even the Alaskans.

The only arts that really ever flourished in Hawaii were those that made for the manufacture of *Kapa*, the royal bird-feather cloaks, and, to a small extent, baskets.

Kapa was made from the *wauke* and *mamake* inner tree bark, which was first soaked to a pulpy consistency and then beaten out into strong fibrous sheets. Sometimes these sheets were bleached to nearly a white; sometimes they were decorated in differing colored straight or curved lines by mineral dyes, laid on with bamboo stamps, and invariably they were glazed with a resinous preparation. The *Kapa* might be beaten into fine sheets, in which case it became the woman's skirt (*pau*), or thicker, it was the man's loin-cloth (*malo*), or the covering during sleep.

The feather cloak was perhaps the most expensive cape that ever hung from royal shoulders; it was made by sewing together many of the small single tufts of yellow in the wing of the Oo, a bird of otherwise black plumage. As the cloaks always hung well below the waist, and not infrequently reached the ground, it may be appreciated how many birds were needful to one cloak, and what patience and time were required to attach these tufts together so closely and so firmly by their respective quills as to give to the completed work the appearance of absolute unity. A helmet worn by the chiefs was made of red feathers from the Mamo, which also furnished a coarser yellow feather used for the royal cloaks when the Oo had later become very scarce; but the shapes of both cloak and helmet were suggested by the Spaniards.

Even the calabash, perhaps the best relic of Hawaiian art, did not originate on the Hawaiian Islands. In the old days there were many different shapes and sizes of calabashes, decorated often, and, when large or of the platter shape, made invariably of *Koa*—a wood fine of grain and susceptible of beautiful polish. The small calabash, then as now, was frequently made of cocoanut-shell or from a gourd. In common with most islands in the southern Pacific there is no metal on Hawaii, and tools for cutting were therefore either the teeth of sharks or were made from stone; taking these crude implements into consideration, the results attained were praiseworthy.

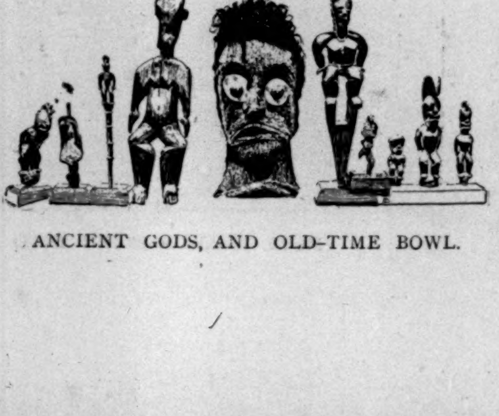
The settlement of the Hawaiian Islands is by no means authentically established, but is usually placed at 500 A.D. Of the date of their discovery there appears also to be some uncertainty, increased greatly by the honor being usually given to Captain James Cook, an English navigator. The most careful historians credit the actual discovery of the islands to a Spanish navigator, Juan Gaetano, in 1555, though apart from bestowing some more or less apt, if fanciful, names upon the islands, the Spaniard made no effort to establish proprietary rights, or to reap trade or other benefits from the discovery. Except for another Spanish navigator, who was wrecked off one of the islands, and with his sister washed ashore—both finally to marry natives of chieftain blood—there is no record of white visitation to Hawaii until Captain Cook's first arrival in January, 1778. Therefore, though the Englishman's was really a rediscovery, he gave them the name Sandwich—in honor of his patron, the first Lord of the English Admiralty and the fourth earl of that house—by which they became known to the world and were first brought into contact with the white race, that was to fill so important a place in their development.

But this English rediscovery was in the days of comparatively modern Hawaii.

Hawaiians have legends of creation, like many other aborigines, suggestive of perverted tales of early missionaries, and they have also some rather fantastic stories of the creation of the islands, but their mythology contains little of instruction or interest. It was largely concerned with the baser passions. Their religion was gloomy, and filled with oppressive rites. Idols were abundant, grotesque, and hideous. All to be feared and all propitiated. Both men and women were abnormally superstitious, and in supplication sought the gods for every purpose. There were wind gods, poison gods, fire gods; and Pele, the goddess who reigned in the volcano, they deified. Strange enough, they had no worship of sun or moon, common to most aborigines; and, strange again, they practised the rite of circumcision until modern times.

Though they were not cannibals—and the story of their eating the flesh of Captain Cook is a fairy tale—yet there was abundant sacrifice of human life. Indeed, life was held very cheaply; infanticide prevailed to a very great extent. On the completion of a new house, or temple of refuge (where one's enemies might not pursue), or the launching of a canoe, or death of a chief, human sacrifice was offered to the insatiable gods. The flesh was carefully removed from the bones of the deceased and buried, and the bones secretly hidden in some cave or burned, in obedience to their superstitious dread of some enemy securing the bones, and thereby weaving a spell to their undoing. Later, when they overcame this fear and the dead were buried (always on high places—usually a hill-top), the bodies of priest and chiefs were laid out straight, while those of the common people were buried sitting, in shallow graves. There were no funeral rites, but a burial gave license for all manner of dissipations, usually of a low and bestial order.

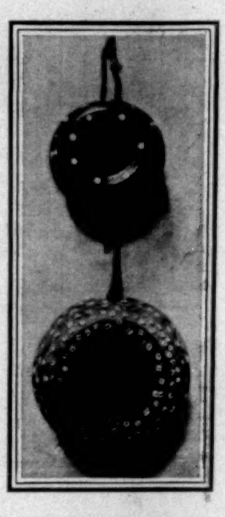
They were a fairly courageous people in the mob warfare their hand-to-hand conflicts may be styled, and their weapons were usually spears, but also javelins and clubs, all of hard wood, as well as slings made of cocoa fibre or human hair, with which they hurled stones with considerable accuracy. They did not tattoo the bodies like the Samoans, Maoris, Malays, or Siamese, but they slit the ears of men detected of cowardice.



ANCIENT GODS, AND OLD-TIME BOWL.

Ancient Hawaii was really divided into three periods: (1) The age of the *Menehunes*, as it has been called, or skilled workers. (2) Rise of Feudalism. (3) Beginning of the Monarchy.

The earliest period of Hawaiian history appears, by all accounts, to have been a time of peace and plenty; a veritable golden age, marked by industrial enterprise and prosperity. The population seems to have been much less than is later reported, and arable land and water existed sufficient for all. There were no selfish chiefs of power to extend their land boundaries beyond fair limit, or place the ban of *tabu* on such fields of taro as caught their greedy eye. The humblest might be sure of remaining in undisturbed possession of the works of his industry, and therefore the people prospered. Deep-water fish-ponds, to insure an invariable and somewhat easier catch, were made by building great sea walls which enclosed small bays near the settlements; irrigating systems were established, and the manufacture of *Kapa* and basket-braiding flourished.



WOODEN BASINS INLAID WITH HUMAN BONES AND TEETH.

There was no land tenure in this period, although irrigation was slowly developing the principle of it. Possession and use decided the right to holdings, and as water was plentiful enough for all to use it freely, no occasion arose for ruling more intricate. As the population increased, however, and the richer land grew scarce, irrigation became necessary in order to reclaim the less fertile soil. And with irrigation, and the consequent toil it involved in ditch-building, grading, etc., came increased value of land and accompanying need of a clearer sense of ownership, based upon the investment of labor which the soil demanded. Although it is natural to suppose disputes over land boundaries arose and no doubt, occasional feuds, yet the period appears to have been notably free from scenes of violence generally, or even in individual cases. Tribal government and land tenure, based on possession and cultivation of the soil, evidently ruled for many generations; and land passed from father to son on this very fair principle of ownership. Increasing population, however, with the consequent lessening of more desirable lands and the expanding value of those under cultivation, created in the community a disturbing element which spread with rapidity, and developed malignity as it spread.

And so in the middle of the thirteenth century the feudal days began, and a period of turbulence set in that interrupted peaceful industry and destroyed much of the works that had been builded with such care and patience. Internicine warfare was declared, and the soil neglected; each island was distracted by the conflicts of its several more powerful chiefs, each with his retinue, each striving for greater power and aggrandizement. It was impossible for any one to remain aloof, all the people were at war from the very necessity of attaching themselves to a given standard for the protection of life it afforded.

As the chiefs won or lost to rivals their power grew or diminished; so in the course of time, and through a survival of the fittest procedure, it came about that one high chief practically ruled on each island, with a number of under chiefs, who in turn had their subs and separate retinues of followers, and all of these, on various and frequent occasions, were united in a common cause or divided into various factions, as interest and number prompted.

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* We are indebted to Professor W. T. Brigham, Curator of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, for the photographs from which the illustrations for this article were made.

ANCIENT BASKET-WORK—NOW A LOST ART.

Thus it happened that at this time, in the century of Captain Cook's coming, the people of Hawaii were divided into three classes—the *Alii*, or nobles, which included the high chiefs and their sub-chiefs; the *Kahunas*, or priests, the learned class, who were greatly respected by the people, whom they often aided against the oppression of the *Alii;* and the *Makaainana*, or common people, who at this period, and until the rise of white influence, were serfs, who held nothing secure from their immediate chief, not even their own lives. Might ruled in the social as it did in the political system. There was no law of marriage; the number of women in a household was limited only by the temperament and power of the master; and women members of the *Alii* had the privilege, not enjoyed by their humbler sisters, of similar indulgence in the matter of husbands. Hawaiians, however, are a pleasing exception among aborigines in not making of their womankind a family beast of burden; in fact, the woman of Hawaii may be called the aboriginal new woman. She enjoyed the chief's confidence and shared his counsel, chose her own husband or husbands, and gave rank and lineage to the child. There is no family name in Hawaii, and the christian name of the child may have no relation to that of its father.

A most elaborate system of *tabu* existed, and was operated by the *Alii* for their full and material benefit. If a chief wanted a field of *taro* that particularly pleased his eye, he had but to set up a pole in its midst with a flag of white *Kapa* attached, and the field was his and *tabu* to the humble toiling cultivator; if the chief desired unusually large quantities of fuel for any purpose, he had but to declare fire *tabu*, and the common people ate their food raw, that the chief might be gratified; sometimes silence was enjoined by a more than usually despotic chief, and then not only were the people forbidden to speak, but dogs were muzzled, and chickens confined in calabashes to prevent their crowing.

The penalty for breaking *tabu* was death.

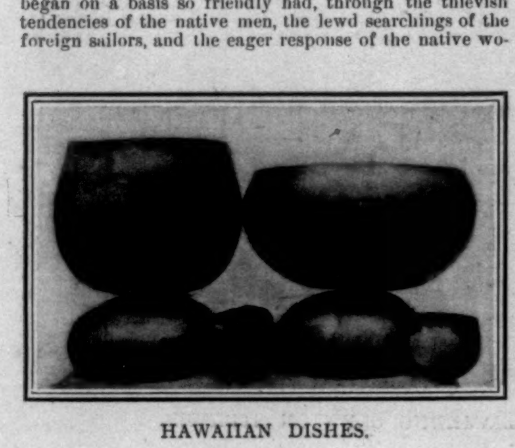
But the *tabu* operated more widely against a woman—perhaps to equalize the other unusual privileges she enjoyed. There were dozens of things she might not do, the doing of which would perhaps have given her a little comfort. With that chivalrous consideration for his womankind by which uncivilized man is distinguished all over the world, the most toothsome products of the islands were forbidden to her; nor was she permitted to eat the few varieties of her menu at the same time or in the same room with the men. Several kinds of fish (and some of the most desirable), cocoanuts, bananas, pork, and turtle, were all *tabu* to a woman.

And all the land had passed into the absolute control of the ruling chiefs; it was a feudalism backed by a despotism that brooked no mediation. The chiefs owned all the land, the products of the soil, the fish in the sea, and the people. They gave and they took away, as suited the royal pleasure. The ruling chiefs kept such of the land as they desired for their immediate individual use, and divided the rest among their sub chiefs, who again divided it among smaller chiefs, who portioned it out to the individual toilers of the various sections. In return the ruling chief received supplies, and, in time of war, support from the head chiefs, their sub-chiefs, and dependents. The only privilege the common people had consisted of transferring their allegiance from one great chief to another; and as from the common people was recruited the fighting force, it acted as a restraining influence upon the otherwise wanton habits of the *Alii*.

Upon the accession of a new ruling chief there was of course a complete redistribution of lands and of favors, carried to severe extremes if the change of régime came as a result of war; and if not, then the distribution was less radical, and took the form of favors to friends of the cause. Quite a complete spoils system, in fact.

This was the political and social condition of these Hawaiian Islands when Cook paid his first visit in 1778.

Almost within a year of his landing, the relations that began on a basis so friendly had, through the thievish tendencies of the native men, the lewd searchings of the foreign sailors, and the eager response of the native women, led to a mêlée, which resulted in Captain Cook's death at the hands of a native man, the bombardment of the nearby native village (Napoopoo, island of Hawaii), and the departure (February, 1779) of Cook's vessels. The story of the quarrels and of Cook's death lost nothing in the telling by the returning crews, and the Sandwich-Islanders thus early achieved a reputation for savagery which they never merited, and which subsequent events proved they did not possess. It may be supposed that the experience with the Cook expedition did not leave a favorable impression of the white race with the natives.



HAWAIIAN DISHES.

Seven years passed before another foreign ship touched at Hawaii, and then two English ships, *King George* and *Queen Charlotte*, commanded by Captains Portlock and Dixon, anchored in Kealakeakua Bay—where Cook had been killed, and where to-day stands a stone monument to his memory erected by the natives—but were not made welcome, and sailed to others of the islands, where they succeeded in some trading. The same year (1786) a French ship put in at the islands for trade, and in the succeeding two or three years ships engaged in the fur trade began to make the islands a place of call on their way to the north, and not infrequently spent the winter in one of the island ports.

There was no disturbance with the natives, until an American fur-trader, named Metcalf (in 1779), perpetrated a cowardly act of outrageous cruelty upon the natives, in revenge for some small dispute over a stolen boat, which resulted in the death of half a dozen canoe-loads of natives, and the capture by natives, in retaliation, of one of the two American ships, and the killing of all save two of her officers and crew. These two were Isaac Davis and John Young, both of whom were kindly treated, raised to the rank of *Alii*, given native wives, and eventually were largely instrumental and closely concerned in the civilization of the Hawaiians—Young finally becoming Prime Minister.

KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT.
The Napoleon of Hawaii.

We come now to the most impressive figure in Hawaiian history, Kamehameha I.—or the Great, as he is called—the only impressive native figure, indeed, that Hawaii has produced. Kamehameha was born in 1737, on the island of Hawaii, whence came the first ruling families, and wherefor the present and official name of the group. At the time of Cook's first visit Kamehameha was already a distinguished and unusually skilled commander, who had with great success entered the civil strife between chiefs, in those years convulsing the islands.

The capture of the American ship with its guns, and the possession of small-arms and ammunition received from China in trade for sandal-wood, led Kamehameha to enter upon the conquest of all the islands—a resolution formed some years before, and to which end he had waged more or less constant warfare. So, in 1790, we find him crossing over to the island of Maui with a large force of warriors, a number of whom bore fire-arms, which Young and Davis had taught them to use.

Successful in Maui, Kamehameha returned to his own island of Hawaii, where, after several months of severe fighting—for on this big island were other chiefs of valor and skill—and the loss of many men, Kamehameha's persistence, the brave showing of his men and muskets, carried the day, and Hawaii was added to Maui, under the one great chief.

Encouraged by this success, Kamehameha set out upon the longer journey and the supposedly more hazardous work of subduing Oahu, where there were wealthy chiefs and numerous warriors. His fleet, including several small sail-boats and hundreds of canoes, set out on its journey of 150 miles, and, eventually landing where is now Honolulu, found and engaged the enemy in the beautiful Nuanuu Valley, defeating and finally driving them, utterly routed, up through the valley and over the precipice, or *pali*, which to-day is one of the famed sights of the islands.

APPARATUS USED IN MANUFACTURING KAPA.

It is worth noting here that in the previous year the chiefs of Oahu had met on board the British ship *Discovery*, had formally placed the islands under the protectorate of Great Britain, and raised the British flag, but the cession was not ratified by Great Britain.

With this signal victory in 1795 the entire group may be said to have come practically under the control of Kamehameha, and the monarchy to have been virtually inaugurated. For although it was about fifteen years before Kauai finally surrendered, nevertheless, from the fall of the Oahu high chief, Kamehameha controlled island affairs, and visiting white traders really found but the one government. In 1810 official allegiance came also from Kauai.

With Kamehameha's accession to the high rulership of the islands, the fullest and severest application of the feudal land system was enforced. The first act of the conqueror, of course, was to divest the erstwhile enemies of their power—and land meant power—so there was a thorough redistribution of all the lands, and Kamehameha became at last, by virtue of his conquest and the feudal land system, the practical fountain-head of land tenures for all Hawaii.

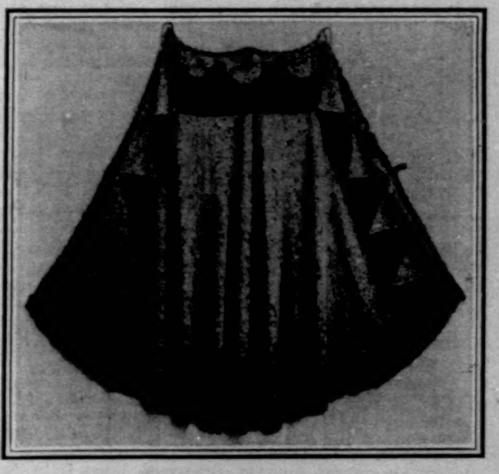
It is not possible to view this only great (native) figure of Hawaiian history without yielding him respect and admiration. He had been a warrior from earliest youth; he had lived by war and war had made him; yet, having consolidated the islands under one governmental head, he strove by attention to agriculture to raise the people from the miserable poverty to which fighting had reduced them. Some time afterwards, when a great plague came that carried off his people in vast numbers and brought distress and famine to the land, Kamehameha not only set his soldiers at work in the fields, but turned to the soil himself, toiling all day with the more lowly.

He was progressive, brave, and generous. Beginning with clubs as weapons, and canoes as transports, he ended with guns and ships. On his return to Hawaii in 1808, to suppress a rebellion, his fleet of ships numbered about forty, ranging from twenty to forty tons burden each; and it was not long before he had secured a two-hundred-ton vessel, which he used in the sandal trade then flourishing. He built a coral fort at Honolulu, on advice of John Young, Prime Minister, mounted it with cannon, and demanded, and with success, the withdrawal of the Russians, who, in 1809, had landed with the idea of establishing a colony, and had erected a fort at Waimea, from which the Russian flag was flown. Finally, when Kaumualii, the ruling chief of Kauai, surrendered, in 1811, Kamehameha treated him with generosity unexampled in uncivilized warfare.

During the fifty years in which Kamehameha the Great stood as the central figure of the Sandwich Islands he advanced from very near the lowest state of savagery to the very verge of civilization. In the latter days of his life, it is evident, his faith in idolatry was lessening, and before he died he forbade the human sacrifice, which from time immemorial had been the popular Hawaiian feature of all important occasions. During his wise and vigorous reign industrial activity began, and affairs generally settled to a degree the country had long been unaccustomed to enjoying. Undisturbed and so long possession of their land by the chiefs, and consequently by the proletariat dependent upon them, developed a sentiment favorable to the establishment of permanent individual rights in land. There is no doubt such a sentiment had become well defined in the mind of Kamehameha, for during the last few years of his life it was a subject of frequent discussion with his immediate advisers.

And so, on Hawaii, the island of his birth, he died (1819), at the age of eighty-two, showing at the last what civilization had accomplished by forbidding the sacrifice of human life—an offering to the gods, which his father had taught him would have prolonged his life.

Primitive Hawaii really ceased to exist at about the middle of Kamehameha's reign, but officially the era closed with his death.



THE ROYAL CLOAK OF FEATHERS.

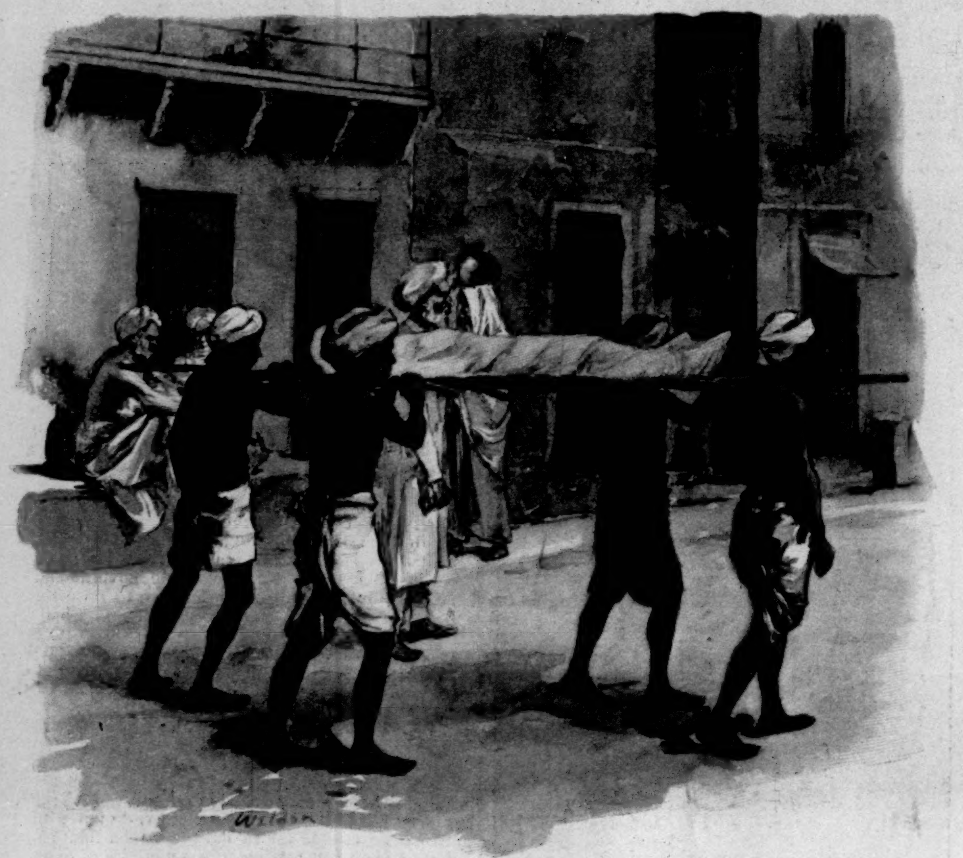
A MENACE TO CHRISTENDOM. *By Julian Ralph*

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WELDON

THE INDIAN PLAGUE, AND ITS TRAVELS IN THREE YEARS

THE Black Death, or bubonic plague, which broke out in China, at Hong-kong, in 1894, reached Bombay, India, in 1896. To-day it is rife in Madagascar, East Africa, and Manchuria, and has appeared in Mecca and Turkestan.

In Hong-kong the most violent and sweeping measures, such as the destruction of the slums in which it raged, have succeeded in putting the epidemic under control, though it has not ceased to prey upon the natives, and, indeed, is said never to have been completely non-existent in that neighborhood during the past two hundred years. In Bombay it increases in virulence and the number of its victims each year, so that to-day it is slaughtering three hundred victims *per diem*, and its type is more generally fatal than ever before. During the first three years its vigor relaxed at the approach of hot weather. This year it has increased in severity with the breaking up of the winter. This is also the case in Calcutta.



CARRYING VICTIMS THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOMBAY.

I mentioned three hundred as the number of deaths daily in Bombay. Six is the reported daily average of plague deaths in Calcutta. But these numbers have no value. From white citizens, doctors, and officials, and from natives as well, I learned that the truth is not being made known by the officials in the various infected localities. To spread the truth would be to generate alarm in India and abroad. No good could come of doing so. Therefore the reported figures are made up, in one city, from the deaths by bubonic plague, and the ravages of the infection in its pneumonic form are credited to diseases with other names. In another city the plan is said to be to record only those deaths which occur under the observation of the plague doctors, and to ignore the vastly greater number of deaths which take place where the natives call in no European aid or counsel.

In a word, bad as the plague epidemic in India appears to be, it is, in fact, much more serious. It overflowed China; it has overflowed India; it is more than likely at any near date to make its horrible presence felt once again in Europe. There is no reason why it may not reach America, perhaps even before it passes the lynx-eyed barriers which the frightened officials of the Mediterranean ports have established against it.

While I was in India, in February and March, I could not help but pay a great deal of attention to this horrible ravager, whose victims were carried or even burned before my eyes in so many places. At the same time an imperial commission was taking testimony concerning the infection, and I collected and digested this. I did not learn what the plague is, or how it comes, or how to treat it. Neither did the commission learn these things. We were both like the very high official who had visited the bedsides of thousands of plague victims, and yet said to me, "I know as much about the plague as any man alive, *and that is absolutely nothing.*"

I believe that in this article is embodied all that is of importance of what is known and understood concerning this scourge.

FOUR KINDS AT ONCE

Dr. Koch says that the epidemics in China and India were traceable to a perpetual seat of the disease in Yunnan, China, on the Tibetan border. There are other places where the plague is never quiescent. One is in Asir, south of Mecca. A third constant plague spot is Kisiba, in the northwest corner of German East Africa. He believes that the epidemics which have visited Europe in the past have sprung from places in Persia and Mesopotamia.

A digest of the more important evidence adduced by the commission will not add much to the previous sum of human knowledge on the subject. To begin with, the disease at present assumes four forms: first, the bubonic, in which the victim takes the infection through the lymphatic system; second, the septicæmic form, wherein the disease is received directly through the blood stream; third, the pneumonic type, taken through the lungs, and producing a distinct form of lobular pneumonia; fourth, the form induced by direct absorption of the poison through the gastro-intestinal canal. It sometimes occurs in such a mild form as to allow the patient to continue at his work.

To illustrate: When the plague came to a place called Jawalpare, it garnered 116 victims; of these cases 81 were bubonic, 19 were pneumonic, 15 were of a septicæmic type, and one was a case of internal buboes. The reader now sees how the officials may avoid the alarming of the public by recording only cases of bubonic plague, and ascribing to pneumonia, fever, or other diseases all deaths by plague in its other forms.

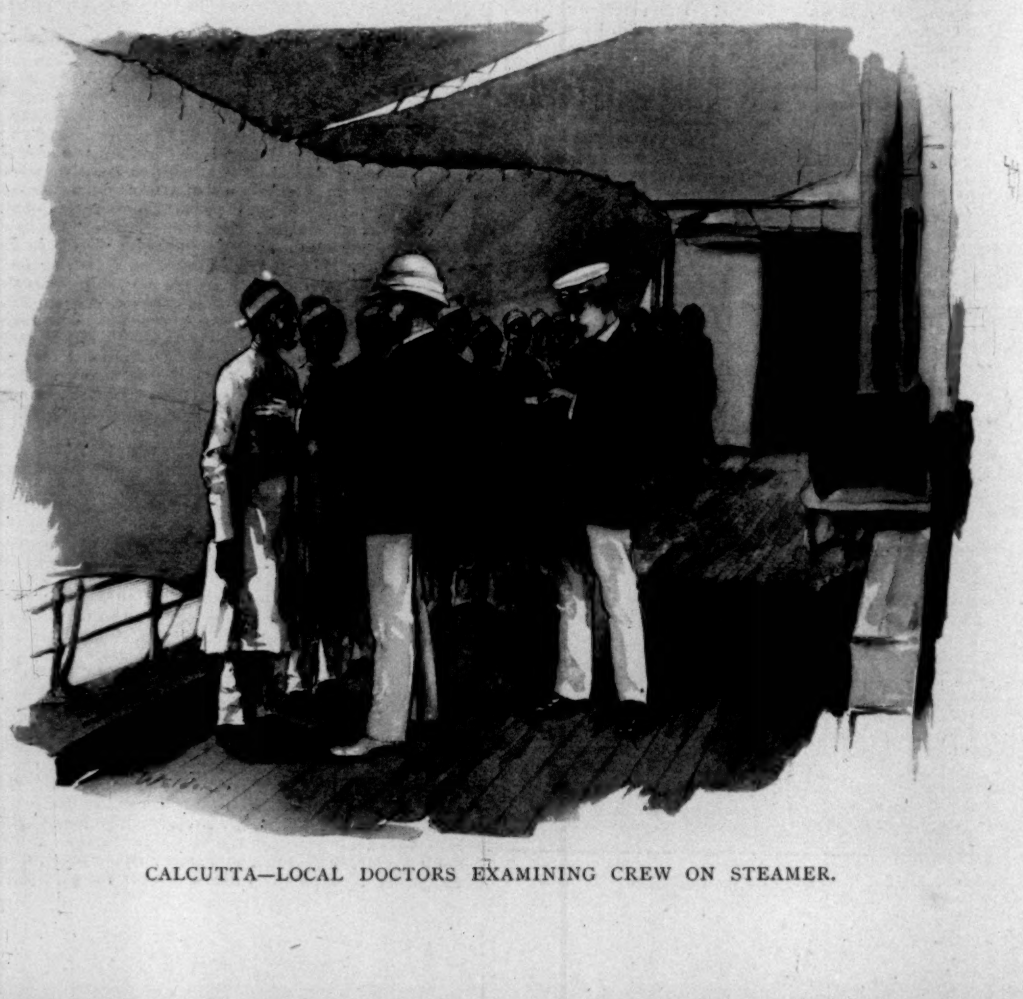
Infants in arms seem immune; the disease is milder in children than in adults; women, and especially such as are pregnant, are especially liable to contract it, and to die of it. Stout persons succumb to it sooner than thin men, though those of poor physique die of it quickly—even in twenty-four hours. The period of incubation varies from three to fourteen days—the period differing with different forms of the disease. These different forms are by some experts said to be quite distinct, and not to merge with one another. When a patient recovers from the pulmonary form, he speaks like a baby, and suffers a complete loss of memory of words. In this state he continues a long time, even a year, and sometimes eighteen months. Fever accompanies the plague in all its forms, and in the bubonic type the buboes appear early, though they have been known to be delayed until eight days after the fever.

White persons consider themselves immune in India, and, I believe, only sixteen deaths have taken place among them from plague in three years. It must be understood, at this point, that even among the native Indians the plague mainly selects as its victims the poor, the underfed, the over-crowded, the dirty, and the weak. What we would call the slums are its feeding-grounds. There are no such white people and no such white quarters in the Indian cities. There is no pretence that the disease would not ravage the whites were the case different. No one doubts that it would sweep like a fire through the slums of the European cities once it got a foothold. The anxiety of the French, Italians, Spanish, and Greeks to keep it out of their ports proves how well they understand this. History is even more eloquent of its power to thin Caucasian swarms.

Monkeys, which are numerous and are never harmed in India, contract the plague readily and frequently. Their deaths in the neighborhood of plague-infected spots have been noticed in many parts of India. The subject came up frequently, and always corroboratively, before the Plague Commission. Professor Haffkine declares that seven monkeys were observed to drop dead out of trees in Gadag, and examination of their organs showed that plague had killed them. In 1897 two dozen monkeys were found dead in the streets of one municipality, and examination of six of them revealed the plague bacilli. Squirrels also take the infection. This has been scientifically proved beyond any doubt. Rats, from the beginning of the outbreak, have been known to be carriers of the disease. Professor Haffkine says, "Apart from hydrophobia, glanders, anthrax, and a few skin and hair diseases which do not exist in men in epidemic form, plague is the only disease with regard to which it is now certainly known that it affects epidemically both human communities and animals."

HOW PLAGUE TRAVELS

Animals spread the disease by their evacuations, by poisoning with the germs such water as is used by them and human beings, and—in all likelihood—by means of the insects which are common to them and men, or to them and the houses of men. Surgeon-Major Dimmick of Bombay, an expert, declared the methods of infection to be by the secretions of patients or infected animals, by rats, and perhaps by insects. In the neighborhood of a plague patient, dark, over-crowded, unventilated rooms were the main site of the retention of the poison, and also underground drains. The over-crowding of people in such places, he said, was the main means of plague distribution.



CALCUTTA—LOCAL DOCTORS EXAMINING CREW ON STEAMER.

INCINERATING THE BODIES OF VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE IN BOMBAY.

Colonel Adams, a medical officer, declared it proved that the infection is carried a long way in clothing, and to a limited extent by rats. Another medical officer swore that where he had studied the plague the natives called it "the rats' disease." Dr. Underwood of Bombay said that the plague is spread by over-crowding, rebreathed air, and aerial stagnation. He declared that rats were found in larger numbers during the plague than before. "They were migrating from one place to another, appeared to be in a state of intoxication, and would not notice human beings when they came across them." A singular bit of testimony, by Captain Wilkinson of the Indian Medical Service, was of a single case of plague in a village where no native communicated with the patient. The only other victims of the disease were rats. A sanitary inspector in the Punjab knew of a case where plague-stricken rats dropped into a well and infected its water.

There was testimony that the dirtiness of streets, and the foul habits of the natives in throwing filth into them, even from infected houses, assisted the spread of the disease. All over India a popular idea is that plague is taken by the natives through their feet. *Colonel Sellers's* idea of selling eye-water to them, because so many have weak eyes, is not so easy, so sure, or so big a way to make money as by selling shoes to them, for all but the rich go barefoot. This encourages the notion that they wound their feet, and then take in the germs in the dirt of the streets.

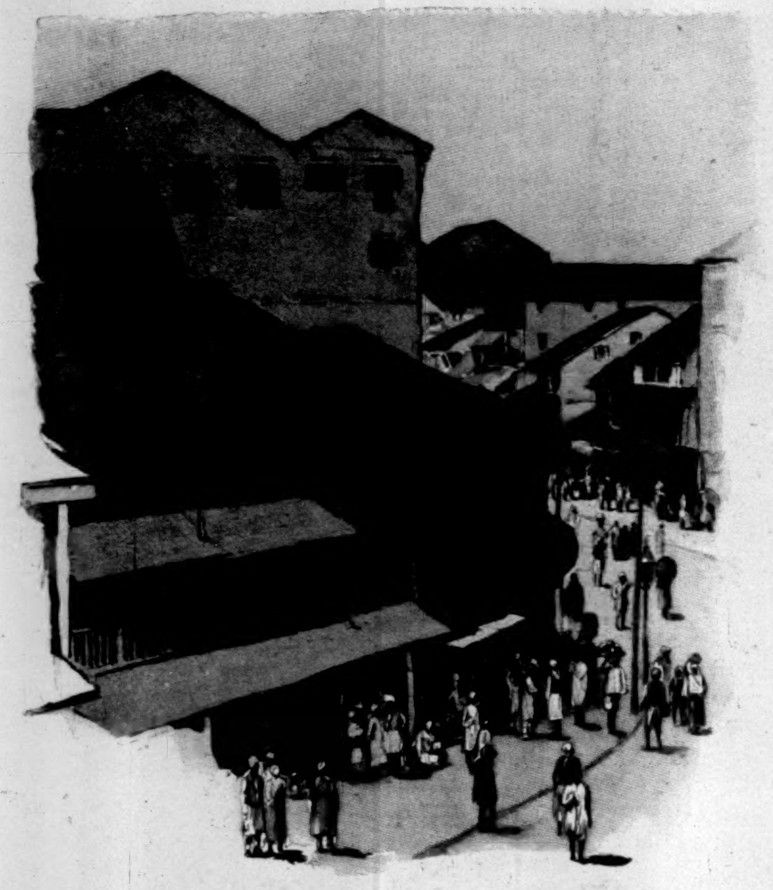
A Dr. Shikare of Bombay acknowledged faith in this theory. He said that in bubonic plague the poison enters the system through small wounds and abrasions. The habit of walking barefooted on the part of the natives explained the predominance of buboes in the groins of patients. He had seen an occipital bubo where a man's head had been recently shaved, and had probably been wounded by a razor. He said that other means of spreading the plague were by infected persons, infected rats, and infected air. By such air pneumonic plague was spread.

In general it has been easy to see how the plague has travelled from place to place between Hong-kong in 1894 and the settlements of Indian laborers in East Africa in 1898. Whether it was carried in grain or clothing, or by rats or vermin, or in the systems of infected persons, the main fact of free and frequent communication between old plague spot and new plague spot was clear and significant. But the plague made a startling leap when, like a bolt of lightning, it struck the village of Augzap, in Turkestan.

NO CLIMATE RESISTS IT

Augzap is fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level, on the mountains, where the continual climate is cold and dry, as diametrically the opposite of the steaming climates of Hong-kong, Calcutta, and Bombay as it is possible for meteorological conditions to be upon this earth.

The place is in Russian Turkestan, 200 miles from Samarkand. The only means of reaching it, except by birds



PLAGUE-INFECTED HOUSES IN BOMBAY.
The Holes broken in the Roofs are for Ventilation.

or goats, are described as paths over ledges on the mountain-sides, so dangerous as to deter the ordinary traveller. The place contained 600 souls last autumn, but suddenly the plague broke out, and before intelligent help came 378 of the villagers had died of it. Three others who fell ill of the disease recovered their health.

No one knows how the germs came or were brought there, but as the outbreak and the visit of a fakir, or holy man, were simultaneous, the importation is generally credited to him. He was originally of the village, but pursued the wandering life of those mendicant sages who abound in the East. It is known that he had been in Afghanistan, but whether he had gone on to India no one can say. He brought to the village some cloths, which he said were the coverings of the tombs of saints, and he gave these to a widow to cut up and distribute for charms for the faithful. She died of the plague. Seven of her friends and relatives followed her. Then her body was dug up and reburied, and the plague seized upon those who helped in the operation. From this moment it raged until, at the near approach of winter, the Duke of Oldenburg in St. Petersburg sent skilled assistance. The survivors were inoculated. Then they were made to bathe in hot water, and afterwards in a sublimate solution. Every one's clothing was destroyed, and new clothes were supplied. Even the wool which the shepherds were collecting, and by which they lived, was burned up. All the houses were disinfected, and the floors were dug up and mixed with lime. The visitation was thus dismissed as rapidly as it came. Four days after the doctors arrived it took its last victim.

One wishes for a few details that it seems not possible to obtain. Was the widow or any one in her house the first victim? No one has reported upon this. Was the inoculation with Haffkine's solution of importance in destroying the epidemic, or were the measures of disinfection of the first importance? The world would be richer if these questions were answered. But that outbreak in the mountains will be of incalculable value if its moral is evident to all of us. It showed that the plague can rage anywhere, and does not need heat and humid atmosphere to forward it. Marseilles is afraid of it, and Malta and Naples. But the lesson of this warning is that all people need to fear it—even those who live on the sides of Mount Blanc or in Denver, Colorado.

More recently still the plague broke out among the laborers at work on the new Russian railway through Manchuria, which is to connect the Trans-Siberian railway with Port Arthur and the Pacific. Still later it has appeared at Mecca. It is not disputed that the outbreak in Madagascar followed the arrival of a shipment of rice from Bombay, and it is a curious fact that many students of the outbreak in Bombay date it from the arrival of a cargo of rice from Hong-kong.

The Calcutta *Statesman* declares that a "plague official" at Hyderabad has discovered that bales of raw cotton prove an especially favorable nidus for plague germs. He noticed a peculiar coincidence between the distribution of cotton bales and plague in certain parts of Hyderabad. He reported this to the Plague Commission, who obtained samples of cotton from bales in infected villages, and discovered that cultures made from them contained a bacillus identical with plague germs, and capable of giving the disease to rabbits by inoculation. The editor of the *Statesman* admits that there is room for error here, yet reminds his readers that raw cotton as a medium for receiving organic matter from the air has long been recognized. There is no way to disinfect cotton except by burning it up.

Another able Indian journal, the *Pioneer*, declares that the Plague Commission is certain to conclude that infection is, to a very large extent, spread by clothing. Just as the distribution of clothes by a fakir established the plague in a mountain fastness in Turkestan, so in Multan, India, a box of clothing sent from a plague spot gave the disease to the person who received the box. Dozens of less positive cases have been noted in India, where the natives do not understand that the simple cleansing of their garments in cold water does not rid them of the germs of infectious diseases. The annual increase of the virulence of the plague on the return of cold weather is doubtless due to the bringing out of the thick clothes which the people had put away during the hot season. This has long been understood in the seaports of Arabia, Egypt, and the Mediterranean. There a traveller may only land from a Bombay or Calcutta ship by agreeing to submit his person to an antiseptic bath, and his clothing and belongings generally to disinfection by heat or by the steam process.

EUROPE POORLY PROTECTED

The Venice Conference of 1897, designing to protect Europe, established measures toward that end, first by rigorous precautions at the Indian ports of departure, next by the raising of a second line of defence in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, and, finally, by jealous care in the European ports of arrival. The famous French sanitarian, Dr. Proust, has recently declared that two points of weakness have developed since these regulations were established. The first is that pilgrims are now allowed to go to Mecca from India—a most dangerous practice—and the second is that the Indian authorities are remiss in enforcing the required precautionary measures at their ports of shipment of cargoes and passengers.

He is right as to the Indian loop-hole at least. The precautions taken against the spread of the plague from Indian ports are more absurd than none at all would be. In the delicate situation in which the English are placed in India there is a feverish desire neither to anger the natives nor to alarm the world outside. It is impossible to conceive a situation requiring daintier handling than the one which confronts Great Britain in her empire colony; and of one thing we Americans and all others may be sure—we should not be able to manage the case any better. Still, that consideration does not alter the facts, which are full of peril to all Christendom.

Dr. Proust says that in two years five English vessels have carried cases of plague away from India. While I was in India I was able to observe what was done in the regular course of the arrival, rest, and departure of one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's passenger-ships. It was one of the many steamers which ply regularly and frequently between Calcutta and London, and its experience was peculiar only in this respect—that it afforded the authorities much more than the usual time for the execution of whatever precautions would best conserve the most important interests of the world at large.

To begin with, these ships carry—because of the low wages at which they can be hired—large forces of native Indians who serve as seamen, stewards, stokers, servants, and workmen in other capacities. Dirtier mortals can scarcely be pictured even by imagination. When it is considered that the plague picks its victims from among just such low-class natives, and misses the white men of even less orderly habits, the price which the world at large may yet be called upon to pay to make up for this economy on the part of the steamship-owners will be apparent to the reader.

In the case of the ship in question, it lay in the Hoogly River at Calcutta one month after its arrival, and the seventy and more natives of the crew went freely ashore to such sections of the plague-stricken city as men of that mean sort would naturally frequent. There was no bar upon, or supervision of, where they went or what they did. During the time they were thus endangered the deaths increased to such an extent that Calcutta was newly declared an infected port, and quarantine against it was declared along the whole line of seaports from India to England.

At last the day of departure came, and the officers, crew, and passengers—among which latter body at least one Indian was numbered—were examined by the plague inspectors. A medical examination, even if most strictly performed, is of avail only in detecting pronounced cases of infection, or cases well under way. The ship's officers were well aware that they might find themselves with a dozen cases on their hands before they reached Port Said, even had the examination been thorough.

I witnessed the examination of the passengers. It consisted in their being obliged to pass aboard a tender by going in front of a medical man, who stopped each one with a gentle touch upon the left upper arm and said to each, "Are you a passenger?"

I am assured that this which was done in that case differed no whit in either carelessness or severity from the customary procedure with all departing vessels from Indian ports. The luggage and other belongings of the passengers escaped attention. Yet I know that one man carried aboard that ship a considerable store of second-hand Indian garments bought of peddlers in India—enough if it was infected, and went for the decoration of drawing-room cushions and chair and mantel coverings, to give the infection a sturdy start in London.

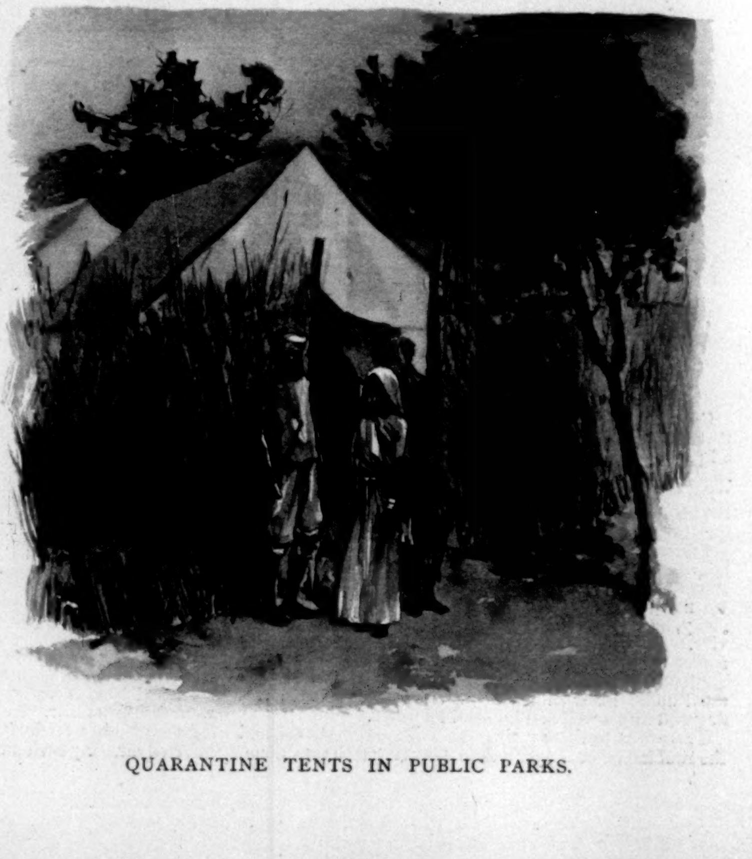
It was all a farce; but then it was bound to be a farce, and all precautions of the sort must continue to be nonsensical until the work of guarding the fountain-head of the epidemic is undertaken by an international commission or by officers appointed by the chief powers of Europe and America. The position of the English in India must be understood and considered before blame is meted out to them. They live with the plague. They have become very, very familiar with it. They have long since ceased to fear it, because, though it would decimate the populations of European and American slums, it does not often attack white men where Indian fuel is so much more plentiful and so much readier for it.

WE MUST GUARD OUR OWN DOORS.

To tell the truth about their precautions is only to say that they are human, and that we must look to the guarding of our own doors the more strictly.

There is a phase of the situation which the imaginative or nervous mind will readily assume to be the worst of all—at least in the threat it carries of danger to the world at large. I refer to the exporting of plague germs to every corner of Christendom by the doctors and the medical students who have gone to India, first from Japan, and since from every part of Europe and America, to study the epidemic.

For three years this scattering of these germs has gone on, and as I left India the Bombay *Gazette* declared that it still continues. "We believe we are right," the editor writes, "in stating that perhaps none of the special medical officers who has left Bombay omitted to carry away with him a tube of microbes 'to enable him to study the plague.' There is a by-law which forbids the carrying of matches or explosives on board steamers, and yet the carrying of tons of gunpowder or dynamite is not so dangerous as the tiny tube of cultures carried by an irresponsible medico.... The possibilities of a little phial of microbes are incalculable. They might decimate the population of a great city." The plea of the editor is that the carrying of plague cultures be made a criminal offence. One would imagine that though the Indian officials may show no concern at the loss of that of which they already have too much, other governments, at whose people the danger is aimed, may realize the enormity of the crime. As it is, the apex of the ridiculous is reached in those ports which trade with India and now compel a traveller to take a sulphur bath and have his clothing disinfected, and yet allow him to walk ashore with a bottle of germs which may easily destroy more lives than would be lost in a war of the first magnitude. In justification of nervous apprehension on this score, it must be admitted that the small animals on which doctors and students experiment with these plague germs in America and Europe are declared by many Indian officials to be the means of the plague's spreading (and of its introduction) in India.



QUARANTINE TENTS IN PUBLIC PARKS.

The first thing that foreign inspectors or an international commission would do would be to protest against the employment of native Indians as crews sailing from the plague centres to Europe. I am sure that of the five cases of plague on English ships to which Dr. Proust refers, four at least must have occurred among such crews; all five were natives, one may well believe, since in the whole course of the plague in India only sixteen white men have taken it. Whoever is in earnest in attempting to protect Christendom will protest, as I do here, against this most dangerous, vicious, wholly indefensible practice now resorted to by many other steamship lines besides the P. & O. Company. There is more to be feared from these black sailors than from all the plague germs they leave behind them. Not only do they transport the germs in their bodies, but they carry others in their kits. A crew of these Indians stopping in Plymouth and London, and distributing their clothing and other property there, is only to be likened to the sparks from a smith's forge flying over an open keg of powder.

The Russians are the first to take a step beyond the establishment of seaport quarantine regulations against this black shadow which is slowly lengthening across the globe and menacing the whole of it. A Caucasian prince, George Orbeliani, formerly in the army of the Czar and a member of the Afghan Delimitation Commission, hopes to succeed in establishing an international sanitary league which can supply to places where the infection has taken root a staff of bacteriologists, doctors, chemists, and nurses, all possessed of three years' experience in dealing with the plague either in Hong-kong or India. Not only where the plague is, but wherever it may appear, these specialists are to be sent. Prince George Orbeliani is now in Bombay upon this mission, and will go from there to Madagascar, East Africa, and Manchuria, studying the plague on his own account in all those places.

Major W. A. Kobbé

MAJOR WILLIAM A. KOBBÉ, U. S. A.,

3d Artillery.

THE column which Major William A. Kobbé is leading up the Rio Grande is really a brigadier-general's command. That Major Kobbé should have been chosen to lead it is proof of the value which General MacArthur places upon the services of this officer. The column is composed of troops drawn from several infantry regiments, and includes artillery. It is about as large as that which Lawton led in his recent raid in southern Luzon, and Lawton is a major-general.

Major Kobbé comes from the old volunteer service of the civil war. At the outbreak of that war he was a private in Company K, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and enlisted as a private of the 178th New York. He became a Captain and a Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers; and afterwards, securing a Second Lieutenant's commission in the regular army, received regular-army brevets as Captain and Major for gallantry in action in the battle of Nashville and in the capture of Fort Blakely, Alabama.

He was Regimental Adjutant in every regiment to which he was attached. When he became a Captain of Artillery he was detailed, as an instructor in Military History and Science of War, to the Artillery School at Fort Monroe for seven years. This detail usually lasts three years. On the breaking out of the Spanish war he was placed in command of the defences at the mouth of the Columbia River, but was subsequently given command of the battalion of the Third Artillery, which was sent to the Philippines. His battalion led the advance of General MacArthur's division, and his services have been commended both by correspondents and in official reports.

AMONGST THIEVES. *By William E. Norris*

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Mr. Bates, an Englishman, is on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean. His guests leaving for Egypt, he takes aboard Professor Abbattucci, a casual acquaintance. They visit Sicily. Going inland from Marsala, they are seized by outlaws, presumably the band of one Guercio, a notorious robber. At a hut where they stop, a woman secretly gives the Englishman a compass, with the injunction, "South-southwest." He discovers that the *pseudo* Professor Abbattucci is Guercio himself, and that he has been led into a trap. Guercio demands £6000, under penalty of personal mutilation. Bates tries to escape, but is stopped by the bandit chief, who tells him what he intends to do with the Englishman's ransom.

CHAPTER III.

SOON after daybreak, therefore, Signor Soldato, *alias* Guercio, *alias* Professor Abbattucci, set forth for Marsala, armed with sundry written instructions which bore the honored (alas! it was only too sure to be honored) signature of Augustus Bates. He did not, he smilingly informed me at parting, anticipate any difficulty in collecting the cash, and indeed I was aware that there would be little or none. It would be a question of two or three days; perhaps, at the outside, of a week; in any case, he did not intend to return and set me free without it. This he explained in a harangue addressed to his followers, parts of which were intelligible to my attentive ears. He wound up by enjoining upon them (for my benefit) in clear and emphatic Italian that I was to be treated with the utmost care and consideration during his absence.

Well, consideration is, of course, a relative term. I dare say those rapscallions did the best they could for me in the way of diet and sleeping accommodation during the long seven days which succeeded their chief's departure; but their best was very far removed from being good. We shifted our camp several times, in obedience, I presume, to instructions, which entailed a great deal of apparently aimless fatigue; we did not get much to eat, and what we did get was so revoltingly redolent of garlic that only the sauce of extreme hunger could have rendered it tolerable to a Northern palate. On the other hand, I am bound to admit that my guardians took the most conscientious care of me. If there had been in my mind any lurking project of a second dash for freedom, I should speedily have recognized its futility. The fact, however, is that I no longer contemplated anything of that sort. Liberty may be sweet, but revenge is sweeter, and I began to think that I could see my way to rewarding the astute Guercio after a fashion which would be well worth some unavoidable pecuniary loss.

I have mentioned that his farewell oration was less incomprehensible to me than he had doubtless meant it to be; I might have added that that portion of it which dealt with figures made me practically certain that he had twice over proclaimed the amount of my ransom as 25,000 *lire*. I took note of the above suspicious inaccuracy; also, as time went on, I took note of other circumstances which promised to turn out of advantage to me. I do not mean to say that I understood the half or the quarter of what my criminal associates muttered to one another beside the camp fire in the evenings; but I did manage to get at the meaning of occasional significant words and sentences; and, indeed, there is nothing like a combination of wrath and fear for stimulating the alert intelligence. So, little by little, I gathered (and uncommonly glad I was to gather it) that the great Guercio was in command of a force whose loyalty might readily be converted into insubordination. His first lieutenant, a tall, sulky-looking miscreant, who went by the name of Nasaccio—probably in graceful allusion to the most prominent of his features—was obviously disaffected and jealous of him; I soon perceived that in this fellow I had, ready to my hand, a possible and powerful ally. The good Nasaccio, it was plain enough, not only distrusted his able leader, but was trying hard to sow the seeds of distrust amongst the rank and file, and he seemed to be meeting with some measure of success. So, as soon as my acquaintance with the dialect—it is extraordinary how quickly one can familiarize one's self with barbarous dialects when one has only one's wits to depend upon, and when so much depends upon them—enabled me to request a private interview with him upon matters of moment to us both, I made the necessary overtures, and was accorded the solicited privilege. I should say that frequent messages had been transmitted to us from Marsala in the course of our wanderings, and that we were now expecting from one day to another to hail our returning chief with his money-bags—or rather with mine.

"Do you," I blandly inquired, "really believe that, having got the money, he will come up here to divide it with you?"

Nasaccio scowled, and replied that he had better.

I shook my head. "*Caro amico mio*," I rejoined, "you are too simple and too confiding. For my part, I am very sure that Signor Guercio will never see your faces again, except under compulsion. Do you not know—if you do not, I can answer for the fact—that his one desire is to win Signora Cecchina, with whom he is ridiculously in love? He is now in possession of a large sum of money—no less than 25,000 *lire*, I believe—"

Nasaccio made a surly sign of assent.

"A very large sum of money!" I sighed. "It was mine; it is his; can you imagine that any part of it will ever be yours? No, indeed! You may rely upon it that unless you take prompt measures to secure his person, he and his future wife will lose no time in setting sail from Marsala, and that they will take my fortune—or, if you prefer to call it so, your fortune—with them. To-morrow, if I did not mistake what I heard you say last night, you are to meet him between this and Cecchina's farm. Be advised by me and meet him before he reaches the farm. In point of fact, I think it would be prudent if the whole lot of us were to meet him, for it is tolerably certain that he will be armed."

Nasaccio was, I suppose, a peasant; he had the hard-headed shrewdness and suspicion which characterize his class all the world over. "What have you to gain by befriending us?" he pertinently inquired.

"Surely," I replied, "you must see that my most ardent wish is to turn my back upon you and your comrades forever. Now, I feel no certainty at all that you would allow me to depart in peace without having made a single *soldo* out of me. Suppose Guercio decamps—as I am persuaded that he will, unless you intercept him—with the whole booty in his pocket? What would you do to me then?"

"You will see what we shall do to you," answered the ruffian, with an ugly grin.

"*Mille grazie!*" said I. "I am not anxious to make the discovery, and for that reason I am exceedingly anxious that your leader should fail to defraud you. For the rest, he is a traitor, and I have no sympathy with traitors. I may be mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that there is somebody else who would be glad enough to prove him a traitor. Especially if at the same time there was money to be made out of an act of justice."

Nasaccio evidently feared his chief as much as he hated him. It was not without considerable further parley that I induced the fellow to decide upon a bold stroke, which might not impossibly cost him his life. In the long-run, however, jealousy and cupidity, supplemented by my eloquence, got the better of him, and an inflammatory speech was delivered to his subordinates, which at once insured their co-operation in our design. The absent are always in the wrong, and Guercio, clever and successful though he had been, had fallen into the mistake of constantly absenting himself during his brilliant tenure of office.

The consequence was that, on the following day, I, Augustus Bates, a peaceful citizen of London, accomplished the truly remarkable feat of waylaying a brigand and holding him to ransom. As may be imagined, I was terribly nervous about the business; for it was quite upon the cards that the man might have been imprudent enough to bring the money with him—not to speak of the chance of his shooting me dead before his arms could be tied behind his back—but the event justified my most sanguine anticipations. We caught him close to the very spot where I myself had been caught by him; he wore the same disguise that he had worn on that occasion; he was too much taken aback to offer any resistance; and his pockets, when emptied, were found to contain the comparatively trifling sum of fifty *lire* and a few odd coppers. He had, of course, a good deal to say for himself; but his volubility was, at my suggestion, checked by a gag being thrust into his mouth, and I then proceeded to address him in my own language.

"Signor Soldato," said I, "I am sorry to be compelled to recognize in you an unmitigated scamp. Whatever excuse there may have been, according to your code, for robbing and deceiving me, you must admit that honor should be observed amongst thieves. How could you be so base as to offer these poor beggars a mere sixth of the sum which you had extorted from me? How could you find it in your conscience to deprive them even of that paltry dole, and to leave them to wreak their vengeance upon your benefactor? But it is a waste of time to ask questions, to which you could make no satisfactory reply if your tongue were free, and rolling your eyes at me will not help you. You will now be taken back to camp, where you will remain in strict imprisonment until 25,000 *lire* have been duly distributed amongst your amiable comrades. I may add that you will have to write instructions in English for the balance of £5000, which I have no doubt stands in your name at the bank, to be returned to its lawful owner. You and I will then be simultaneously liberated; but the gag will not be removed from your mouth, if I know it, until we are safely at the Calatafimi railway station. Of course I lose £1000 by the transaction; but that appears to be unavoidable, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that, at all events, you will derive no profit from my loss. If you agree to these terms, be so good as to wink your right eye. In the event of your failing to do so, I shall be under the painful necessity of giving orders for you to be docked of your right ear."

As his eyelid remained immovable, I beckoned to Nasaccio, who evidently had not overcome his fear of his former master, and who, much to my amusement, had been staring at me ever since the capture with a sort of awe-struck admiration.

"This fellow," said I, in my best Sicilian, "is inclined to be contumacious; he must be brought to his senses. Have you a sharp knife about you?"

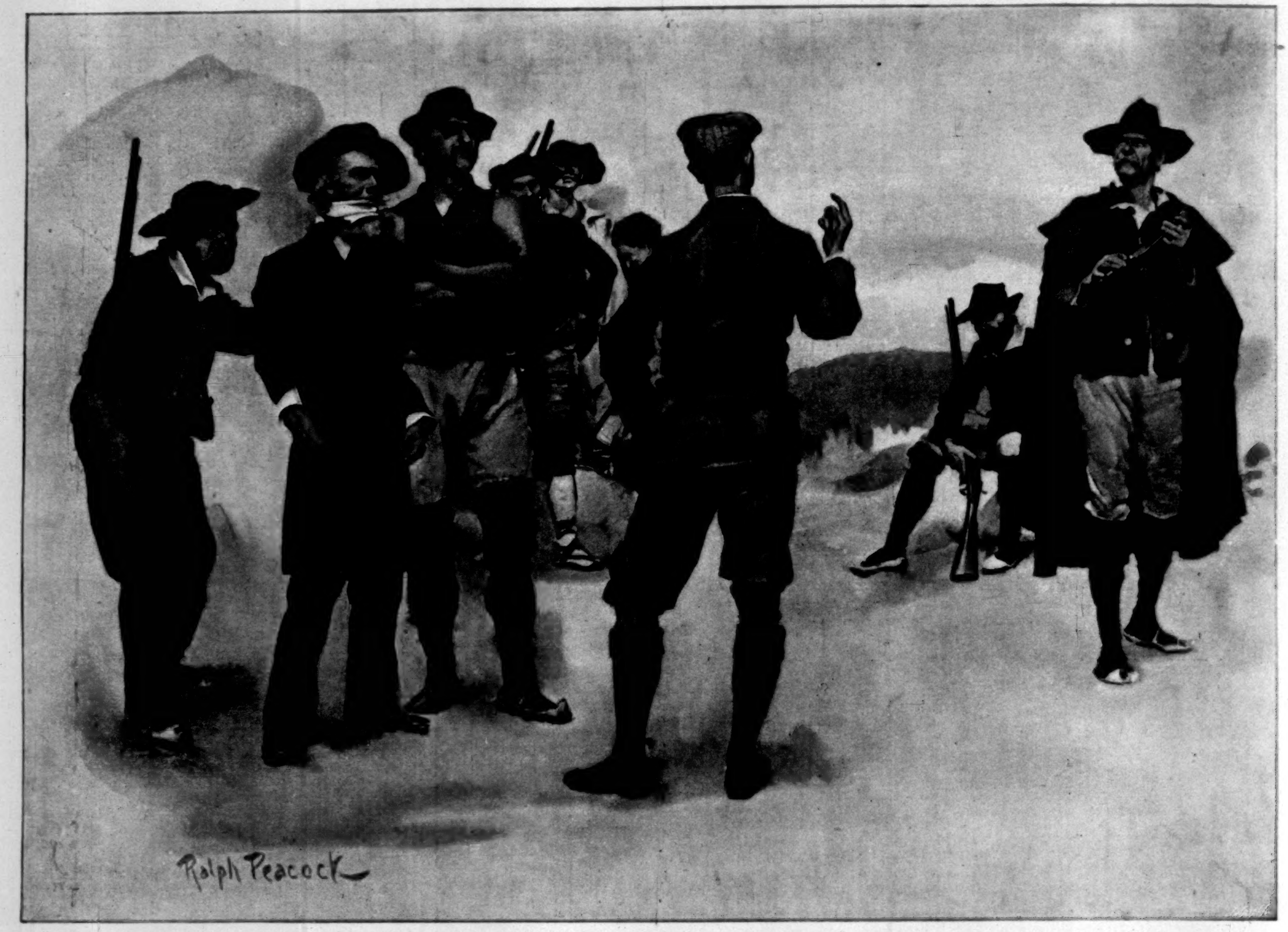
Nasaccio grinned, and drew from his waistband a formidable weapon, at the sight of which our prisoner winked vigorously.

"That will do," I loftily announced, waving the would-be instrument of justice aside; "he accepts our conditions, and he can be hoisted into the saddle as soon as you please."

CHAPTER IV.

I MUST say that I thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of being a temporary leader of banditti, and Nasaccio seemed to be quite willing to take orders from me. I suppose he knew that I could not possibly bolt, while he may have thought that I was better qualified than he to deal with the redoubtable and wily Guercio. So it was I who gave the signal for our upward march, and it was I who, when we arrived at Cecchina's farm, called a halt. I was naturally anxious to ascertain how much the little woman knew, and to see how she would be affected by the surprise which we had in store for her.

I afterwards learned that she knew nothing beyond the fact that Cesare Soldato had decided, for love of her, to abandon his lawless career, and that he was coming up from Marsala to make certain proposals to her, to which he hoped that she would not be so cruel as to turn a deaf ear. As for the effect produced upon her by a spectacle which ought to have been eminently satisfactory to any right-minded person, I am sorry to say that it was by no means what I had anticipated. That is the worst of women! You never know where to have them or in what direction their consistent inconsistency will break out. Cecchina, taking in the situation at a glance, flew at me like a tigress and overwhelmed me with torrents of abuse. This, then, she shrieked, was my gratitude! This was my method of rewarding her for having provided me with the means of making my escape and having betrayed the



"'THIS FELLOW,' SAID I....'MUST BE BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES. HAVE YOU A SHARP KNIFE ABOUT YOU?'"

man whom she adored!—yes, adored! Why, she scornfully asked, had I not handed him over to the *carabinieri* while I was about it? Evidently because I was a coward, because I was afraid to run away, and because treachery was more to my liking than the risk of being hit by a chance bullet. But I need not flatter myself that Guercio was to be defeated by a thick-headed Englishman! Rather than that anything so disgraceful as that should happen, she herself would undertake to have the whole band safely lodged in jail before a week was out!

She whisked round upon Nasaccio and his mates, flinging furious sentences at them, the upshot of which—as far as I could follow her rapid utterance—was that they were a set of imbeciles to imagine that they could dispense with their chief, and that if they valued their lives and their liberty, the best thing they could do was to set him free at once. I sat on my horse, waving my hands at her deprecatingly, and ejaculating "Hush! hush!" without the smallest effect. At length—for the scowling, dubious, sheepish countenances of those highwaymen were really beginning to alarm me—I was fain to appeal to our captive.

"Look here," said I; "we must come to an understanding, or the fat will be in the fire presently. If I have the gag taken out of your mouth, will you give me your word of honor not to speak a syllable of anything but English for the next ten minutes? Favor me once more by winking that gleeful eye of yours in token of assent, and the deed shall be done."

He winked with alacrity, and the gag was removed.

"Now," I said, "for goodness' sake tell that woman to shut up!"

"But she does not understand English," he objected.

I gave him leave to address her in Italian, which he promptly and passionately did. First of all he told her that he loved her more than words could express, and that he had been lifted up to heaven by the avowal which she had just made. Then he begged her to remain silent for a few minutes, because, notwithstanding appearances, I was really his very good friend, and we were going to arrange matters together quite comfortably. At this point I had to check him, fearing lest his enthusiasm should lead him to disclose the awkward circumstance that £6000 of my money lay more or less at his mercy. However, the lady, looking a little ashamed of herself, was so kind as to hold her tongue, and I drew him aside to enter upon less stormy negotiations.

"I was an ass to bring you here," I began.

"Perhaps not," he answered; "perhaps it was the wisest thing that you could have done."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Mr. Bates, you must despatch somebody to Marsala to fetch the 40,000 *lire* you were speaking of. I am afraid you would not trust me; and I can answer for it that Nasaccio would not trust you; and there is not a man in the band who would dare to undertake such a hazardous mission. But Cecchina, who has nothing to fear from the authorities, will, I have no doubt, be willing to oblige."

"You think so? Yet I understood from you that she refused to have anything to do with robbers."

"She does not make herself the accomplice of robbers by procuring your ransom and mine for us. Moreover, you have forfeited all claim upon her indulgence by your unworthy treatment of me. I do not think that she would now object to inflict a small fine upon you; so if you will fetch pen and paper I will at once write instructions for 75,000 *lire* to be paid to her."

"The sum required is 25,000 *lire*," I said, sharply—"no more, no less."

"Oh, she will bring neither more nor less than that sum back with her; but you must perceive, dear Mr. Bates, that self-respect would forbid me to go to the altar empty-handed. Come! I am letting you off cheap, when all is said. You will save the half of what you agreed to pay."

"I like your impudence!" I exclaimed. "Is it for you to dictate terms, pray, or for me? You forget that our positions are now reversed, and that I am at present running this show, on behalf of Signor Nasaccio and Company. You are deposed, my good man, and unless I am very much mistaken, I could, without difficulty, have you executed into the bargain."

He grinned, and observed that he fully appreciated the advantages which my strategy had won for me. "Still," he added, "you should bear in mind that all you can hope to effect is a compromise. You put a gag in my mouth—well and good! But you cannot help also placing writing materials at my disposition; and Nasaccio, ignorant pig though he is, can decipher figures. What is to prevent me from letting him know that I hold 150,000 *lire* of your money, and that I shall be prepared to deal liberally with him and the others—especially with him—on being reinstated as their chief?"

"Nothing, except that if you attempt to do any such thing I shall blow your brains out before you have accomplished it," I replied.

"My dear sir, you would never have the nerve to do that. You are, I do not doubt, as courageous as the average British *bourgeois* can be expected to be; but murderers are otherwise constructed and educated. Besides which, I am too well acquainted with Nasaccio to believe that he would trust you with fire-arms. Let us be reasonable and look facts in the face. To some extent I acknowledge that you have the whip-hand of me; for of course I must either reveal everything or nothing, and I should deplore enriching these mutinous fools almost as much as you would. *Per contra*, your choice lies between the loss of £6000 and £3000. You do not, indeed, risk even the actual loss of the latter sum, since I should regard two-thirds of it as a loan, to be repaid by annual instalments if fortune smiles upon me. Upon that modest capital, added to my own insignificant savings, and to the pecuniary help which my dear Cecchina will be able to afford me, I propose to turn over a new leaf and embark upon a fresh career. Political life has always attracted me; and although some people pretend that brigandage is a more healthy and honest profession, it is, perhaps, not quite so well suited to married men. Now, Mr. Bates, what do you say?"

I wonder what I ought to have said. As a matter of fact, my revolver had not been restored to me, nor was I likely to recover possession of it. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and if my victory was not complete, it nevertheless remained a victory. Upon the whole, I believe I acted wisely in grasping the expensive olive-branch which I was offered. At all events, I did grasp it. Our little comedy was resumed, and Guercio—to all appearance sulky and chapfallen—was once more taken into custody, after having signed and delivered to Cecchina a document, which she hastened to thrust into her pocket.

Twenty-four hours later Nasaccio (who, by-the-way, fell into the hands of the authorities before the year was out, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment) had the double satisfaction of receiving a bundle of greasy bank-notes and dismissing his former leader. Upon me he bestowed a parting embrace, which was not very pleasant, but to which it seemed prudent to submit, and I marched out, so to speak, with the honors of war. At Calatafima I took leave of Signor Soldato and his betrothed, obvious considerations rendering it imperative upon them to make for Messina forthwith. Although one of them was so kind as to say he bore me no ill will (the idea of harboring ill will against a man who had just given you £1000, and lent you a further £2000 without shadow of security!), the other—so unaccountable are the ways of the female sex—was quite rude and snappish in her valedictory remarks.

"I consider," she had the audacity to declare, "that we owe you nothing. From pure love of honesty, I gave you a chance to escape and retain your money. Instead of profiting by it, you chose to turn brigand yourself; so that you are no better than Cesare was in his worst days, which are now at an end, thanks be to Heaven! It is no thanks to you that he is still at large; for your blundering stupidity might easily have brought the *carabinieri* down upon you. *Dio mio!* is it permitted to play such tricks?"

It is not, I suppose, permitted to play them without paying for them, and I need scarcely add that the trifling loan with which I had accommodated the future member for I forget what Italian urban constituency was never repaid. Public life in Italy, as well as in other countries which might be named, is apt to prove very demoralizing.

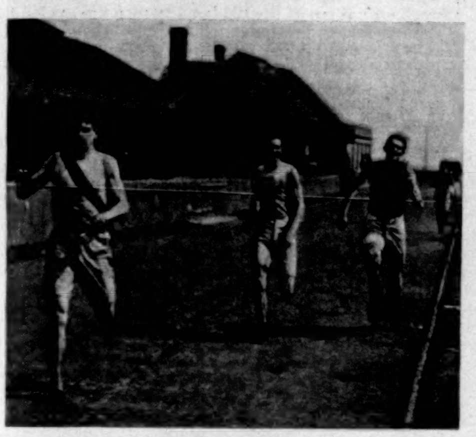
When the vice-consul and the Marsala wine merchants and the skipper of the *Chiquita* inquired what had become of good Professor Abbattucci, I replied that he had sailed for Naples. They would have been sure to laugh at me if I had told them the whole truth, and I was not, at the moment, in a mood to enjoy being chaffed. The famous Guercio—so I learned subsequently by a newspaper telegram—was slain in the heroic encounter which brought about the dispersion of his band and the capture of his lieutenant Nasaccio. I dare say Signor Soldato, when he heard the news, congratulated the government of the day upon this triumph for the cause of law and order in a disturbed quarter of the kingdom.

THE END.

AMATEUR SPORT

NOTHING so certainly develops sportsmanly qualities as association with sportsmen. Therefore the challenge from Oxford-Cambridge to Harvard-Yale for a dual track meet should be viewed with gratification on both sides the Atlantic not only for the athletic exhibition it promises, but for the opportunity it offers of stirring to the echo the tone which dominates the sport of gentlemen.

Twice there have been international competitions to fill the loyal heart with pride—when Yale in '94 and Cambridge, '95, showed the world how American and English young gentlemen could behave under defeat.



PRINCETON–COLUMBIA DUAL MEET.
Cregan (Princeton) winning 880-yard Run.

'Tis good for the world to witness these exhibitions; they serve to deaden the impress of its sordid selfishness.

Definite reply has not yet been made by Harvard or Yale, but little doubt exists that it will be favorable. Once before a similar challenge came from Oxford-Cambridge to Harvard-Yale, and found Harvard's committee in one of those whimsical moods that used to befall it whenever its co-operation was sought. Yale was willing, but Harvard declined, for the specious reason that she could not accept the implied exaltation to position among American universities relative to that held in England by Oxford or Cambridge, and suggested instead a team picked from the Inter-collegiate Association. A reply both unfair and offensive. Unfair, considering the Inter-collegiate Association to include practically all the United States, and offensive because the sprinter of that year was Wefers, who is not acceptable to sportsmen, despite the fact that the Inter-collegiate Association and the Amateur Athletic Union permitted him to compete as an amateur.

HARVARD'S real reason for declining was quite different, but the one advanced served its purpose in collegiate politics, and, too, it served to mislead some of the public as to the real significance of the athletic meeting, which was not for an international university championship, but for sportsmanly competition between the two oldest English universities and the two oldest in America. There is no field more calculated to create ties between England and America than the athletic field, with its dual meets that bring together the university men of both countries.

If the challenge is accepted, as it probably will be, the meeting will be held on the grounds of Queen's Club, London, the latter part of July. In '94 (July), when Yale met Oxford on the same grounds, the English university team won 5½ firsts and 5 second places, to the Americans' 3½ firsts and 4 seconds. The point I wish to emphasize, however, in recalling the score, is not the mere result, but the fact that while the Oxford men equalled their best previous work—all the Yale track men—without an exception, fell considerably short of their records. The day was bad and the track somewhat heavy, and though it had its effect on the Americans, it failed to stop the Englishmen in a single instance.

THIS means, and it was so stated in this Department at the time, that the Englishmen were not trained so fine as to be without reserve strength, as were the Americans, when the occasion came for unusual and gruelling endeavor. Before the Harvard-Yale combination team sails for England, the question of training should be thoroughly discussed and settled by men who have had actual experience on the other side, and not by committees, or undergraduate managers, or *alumni* advisers who have no personal knowledge of the subject or of the differing training conditions. Men cannot be trained so fine in England as in America; and at all times our disposition is to overdo it even at home. If we make the same mistake this time as we did in '94, the Englishmen will win by even a larger score than they did against Yale, for they have a stronger team, and one whose individuals have not yet shown their best. Indeed, even with our men at their top form, the margin for confidence in American victory is quite small.

YALE and Harvard are so evenly matched in track events that the combination team will be one of unusual strength, certain of taking second place where it fails of securing first. The usual Oxford-Cambridge list of events omits the 220-yard flat and hurdle races and the pole vault, and introduces a three-mile run—making ten events all told. Barring the three-mile run, these were the events in which Oxford and Yale met in '94, when the former won the sprint, all the runs, and the hurdle, while Yale captured the weights and broad jump, and tied the high jump; thus completely reversing the supposed order of things, Yale having been thought the stronger on track, and Oxford in the field.

The Oxford-Cambridge Harvard-Yale programme will very likely differ somewhat from the usual English, or that followed by Oxford and Yale. The 16-lb.-shot event will probably be left out, owing to the Englishmen's unfamiliarity with the rules we compete under, and a three-mile run added. The suggestion has been offered that the long run be two instead of three miles; but as there is also a one-mile run, one of two miles would scarcely seem to supply the required variety.

Therefore the programme very probably will include 100-yard dash, quarter-mile, half-mile, one-mile, and three-mile runs, 120-yard hurdle, running high jump, running broad jump, and throwing 16-lb. hammer.

TAKING the Oxford-Cambridge dual track meet in March (won by Cambridge) as a trustworthy criterion, the best English university sprinter is Thomas (Oxford), who won the 100 yards in 10⅖ sec. With Blount (Yale) and Quinlan (Harvard) both doing 10⅕ sec., and the former quite likely to run in even time before autumn, it would seem as though America should be fairly sure of the sprint.

In the quarter, Oxford has Hollins, whose present best performance is 51⅖ sec.; and again America, with Boardman (Yale) good always for 49⅘ sec., and perhaps for much better, appears to have more than a fair chance. There are several men at both Harvard and Yale who can do a quarter any day in 50 sec.

There is less of comfort in the half-mile prospective, but this will probably be the great run of the day.

LONG (COLUMBIA) WINNING 440-YARD RUN.

Cambridge has in Graham a runner who under favorable conditions is apt to make time somewhere near 1 min. 56 sec. He won over Oxford in 1 min. 59⅖ sec., and gave evidence of have more remaining for another day when harder pressed. Burke (Harvard) will probably run in this more uncertain event rather than in the quarter, which Boardman seems to hold safe, and besides Burke there will be Adams (Yale), whom I believe a faster man, though at this writing the two have not met. Adams has done 1 min. 57⅘ sec., and Burke, who beyond all doubt is a great middle-distance runner, has practically equalled that time, besides having a record of 48⅘ sec. for the quarter.

JARVIS (PRINCETON) WINNING 100-YARD DASH; LONG (COLUMBIA), SECOND.

Then there are also, to add to our half-mile strength, Bush (Harvard), who has done the distance in 1 min. 58 sec., and Brennan (Yale), with a record of 1 min. 58⅖ sec. It really seems as though with four men running well inside 1 min. 59 sec., we should add the half-mile to our list of winnings.

BUT Americans should not forget, in figuring on the results of this proposed meeting, that the English university games are all held in February and March, when the days are more apt than not to be raw, and the conditions against the best time. So it is safe to credit all the Englishmen with ability to very much better in July the performances they made at the Oxford-Cambridge games in March.

On paper we appear to have somewhat the better of it in the mile—Hunter of Cambridge being credited with 4 min. 35 sec. as his best, while Spitzer (Yale) and Clark (Harvard) have each several times covered the distance in 4 min. 30 sec.—and Spitzer, in my judgment, is good for at least a couple of seconds better.

The three-mile run will be somewhat of an unknown quantity, with chances of victory greatly favoring the Englishmen, who in Workman (Cambridge) have one that has done 15 min. 32⅘ sec. We have always, in college and out of it, been notably weak in distance running, except for the occasional development of brilliant individuals like G. W. Orton, Thomas Conneff, McDermott, or the late Willie Day. Orton is the only college man of the four, and he is a Canadian. We have always developed good milers, but beyond that distance first-class men have been few and far between, and those few given small opportunity of racing—since a three-mile, not to say five-mile event, is not often found on programmes.

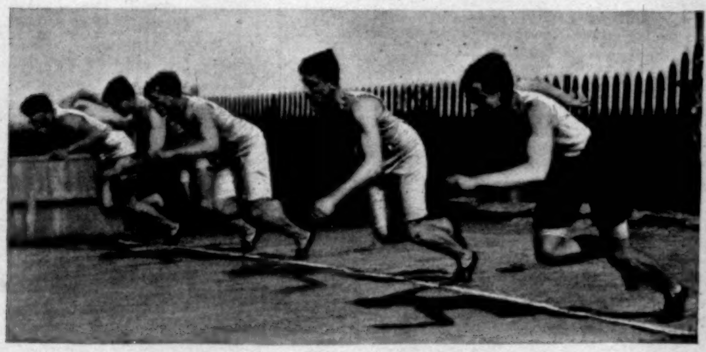
It would be something gained in the direction of distance running if the Inter-collegiate Association were to make a three-mile of the present two-mile event on the championship programme.

THE hurdle-race will be about as close as the half-mile, for Paget-Tomlinson, who won for Cambridge last March, and Fox (Harvard) have records each of 16 sec. The Englishman's performance, however, was on turf—the firmest, springiest turf on earth, but turf, none the less, and neither so hard nor so fast as cinders. The last American college man who essayed English turf and hurdles was run off his feet, so that he bungled his last hurdle, and lost in time three-fifths slower than what he had done repeatedly at home on cinders. On the other hand, Americans have run over hurdles on turf and won—(Hatch from Pilkington, 16 sec.—Yale *vs.* Cambridge—New York, October, '95), but not from opponents of equal speed.

Fincke (Yale) will be a thoroughly dependable second string, and if he continues increasing his speed and form as he has so far this season, may even supplant Fox.

Oxford appears to be unusually successful in developing broad jumpers, and this year, in G. C. Vassall, has a worthy successor to her former all-round athlete and present holder of the English amateur long-jump record (23 ft. 6½ in.), C. B. Fry. Vassall won in March by a performance of 23 ft. 3 in., and he will have no difficulty defeating any competitor Harvard or Yale enters, for Daly (Harvard) is a long way the best, and his record is a foot behind the Englishman's.

DALY, like every other American broad-jumper who competes under English rules, will achieve figures quite beyond anything he has ever reached, and be sur-



START OF THE 440-YARD RUN.

START OF THE 220-YARD DASH.

prised, no doubt, at his first games on returning home, to find himself back again to the old mark. The explanation is that in England they measure the broad jump from the first break of the soil, and not, as we do, from the last firm impress of the heel in the landing. Therefore a discrepancy of from four or six inches to even a foot may easily exist between the American and English methods of measuring a jump, varying according to the depth and looseness of the soil into which the athlete jumps. It is unnecessary to add that the American method of measuring is fairer. The English jumping records must be discounted inches. I saw Fry's great jump at Oxford; and every one of his trials and the final leap would, by American measurement, have been from four to six inches less than reported on the English record tables.

Perhaps, after all, Daly may win a place.

HARVARD will take both places in the hammer with Boal (138 ft.) and Clark (127 ft.), or with whoever else is entered, for each combination will be allowed, I believe, but two men in an event. And the Americans ought also to capture first and second in the high jump. The best of the English hammer-throwers is Greenshields (Oxford) with a performance of 110 ft. 1 in., and Adair (Oxford) defeated Cambridge in the high jump by clearing 5 ft. 8¼ in.

It looks now like a very evenly matched meeting, with chances slightly in America's favor — but so slightly as to be influenced by condition of track and weather on the day of contest.

It is interesting to note, by-the-way, that though the Oxford-Cambridge combination will represent the flower of English university track athletics, there are, in the United States, college athletes with records surpassing in every event, save one, those of the members of the proposed Harvard-Yale team.

PRINCETON and Yale will meet on Saturday (June 3) at New Haven for the first game of their baseball series, and if the nines play as they are capable of doing, it should be a close game, and a good game, with both sides scoring. But the exhibition is as apt to be full of errors as it is to be faultless, for the teams are very much alike in respect to occasional streaks of ragged work.

It is safe to say that Yale will play the best game of her season, and that means sharp, accurate fielding and considerable strength at the bat. How profitable that strength will be must depend considerably on the effectiveness of Princeton's pitcher—Hillebrand; but as Yale has managed to make a very fair batting record against every pitcher she has faced, it is fair to presume that Hillebrand's cleverest work will not entirely keep Yale from hitting the ball.

In fielding the nines are evenly matched; perhaps Yale's in-field is a bit more dependable; in batting Yale's average is higher. Princeton's battery, however, is the stronger, although Cook is a more puzzling pitcher than he is generally credited with being. Behind the bat the comparison as much favors Princeton, perhaps more so; there is no doubt that Kafer and Hillebrand make a strong, experienced pair of great service, especially to a team prone to erratic play.

There is really little choice between the two for Saturday's game, but it seems to me that little favors Yale, because of her higher batting average, which amends the disparity in pitchers, and because of Princeton's in-field tendency to unsteadiness under stress of circumstance.

Yet there are great possibilities in the Princeton team; but for that unsteadiness it might win the Yale or any other series. And it has been, thus far, rather an expensive weakness. It helped Brown to win the second game (6–3 at Princeton), and it certainly in large part cost the Cornell game (5–7 at Ithaca). This is not to belittle Cornell's work, however.

YALE had only a couple of hard games in May, that with Lafayette (7–6), which seems to have a pretty strong nine this season, and the one with Georgetown (7–12) last week. Brown is quite equal to giving Yale a hard game, but, when they met at Providence for the second time, so many costly errors were made that overwhelming defeat was inevitable.

The Georgetown game not only very nearly wrecked the reputation for steadiness of the Yale in-field, but that of the pitcher (Cook) as well. Saving De Saulles, each made at least one error, first base making three, and Cook was so erratic that one wondered how he ever had given the impression of promise. His fourth-inning work was perhaps the worst exhibition a college pitcher has made this year, and Georgetown made six runs, and practically won the game, therefore. It is possible the rainy day had something to do with Yale's poor showing, though it may be remarked, in passing, that Georgetown was not similarly affected; but, at all events, it was mediocre baseball. A repetition, or even a suggestion, of that kind of play would give Princeton a comfortably victorious score indeed on Saturday next.

PENNSYLVANIA continues showing consistent play, her latest exhibition of that quality being the defeat (9–8) of Lafayette's good team, by which, in the last days of April, she had been defeated (2–8). There was, however, a tendency to error-making—unusual in recent Pennsylvania games—which would have resulted more seriously had the opponents themselves not been so busily engaged in similar graceless work. It is to be regretted that Pennsylvania has no Yale or Princeton games on her schedule; if some of the desire rampant in football for "big games" could be distributed over the baseball-field, the season of the former would not suffer, and that of baseball be made much more interesting. Baseball's "big games" take practically no more out of the players than the "small" ones on the schedule, hence it is the one field in which there need be no limit to inter-collegiate play.

Harvard's immediate prospects do not appear roseate, with Houghton and Morse temporarily laid up—the one with a sprained ankle, the other with a damaged elbow. The Georgetown game, nevertheless, was an encouraging one, because it disclosed an effort making to put more steam into the nine's general play, and instanced aggression at the bat. Georgetown won (9–5), but Harvard made nine hits to her eight, and considering that White was the opposing pitcher, the sign is indeed hopeful. Perhaps it needed misfortune to put Harvard on her mettle.

BROWN is another nine that seems to have settled to greatly improved work in its recent games. It really earned its victory over Princeton (6–3), though the latter's errors swelled the score; and the showing against Georgetown (3–8) would have been highly creditable but for inexcusable error-making. The Holy Cross game was quite the best of all. The game with Cornell (May 31) ought to be a very close one, for the nines are quite evenly matched.

Cornell really has the making of a strong team; if it would train faithfully, it might come nearer realizing its possibilities.

Dartmouth has not only proved the strongest of the so-called smaller New England colleges, but administered a severe drubbing (12–8) to Brown.

THE Princeton–Columbia dual track games resulted in rather poorer performances than expected, owing to a strong cold wind which blew directly down the track at the finish. No surprises were forth-coming, the events furnishing the expected winners, and the sum total being as anticipated, save that the withdrawal of Jarvis from the 220 and 440 gave Columbia points she would not otherwise have earned. Stevens proved a very dependable second string to Columbia.

HOWEVER much we may be disinclined to indorse its stroke, there is no denying that Pennsylvania has a fast crew this year—at least in smooth water. The recent practice-work on the home course, and especially the race against the Naval Academy at Annapolis (May 20), leave no room for doubt on that score.

And the crew, in fact, is one of the most interesting studies I have ever encountered. To ignore one or two of the generally accepted distance-rowing fundamentals and yet attain speed is not given to every crew, and Pennsylvania's success is, at first glance, bewildering.

But the explanation is obvious on careful study. The crew is composed of exceptionally lithe and hardy men, who are able to use a much longer slide than could an average crew. They take the water fairly well together, but there is no accentuated catch, and a large part of the stroke is clipped off.

It is the slide of twenty-two inches and the powerful leg drive that Mr. Ward depends upon to send the shell through the water, and they do not fail him with eight such men as he has this year and had last year. Yet I must continue to believe that the average eight would not get much speed out of a boat by entire reliance on these features. The average oarsman is physically unable to use more than seventeen or eighteen inches of slide and get any kind of a catch. A poor catch, as a rule, means a slow crew. Pennsylvania is a rowing anomaly in that, having a poor catch, she yet has not a slow crew.

The crew is well seated, and stroke is just the man to set the pace for such a stroke and such an eight, six of whom sat in last year's winning shell. It is yet to be seen how the rough water of the Hudson will affect the Pennsylvania stroke. Meantime it is the smoothest-moving crew on college waters, and perhaps the fastest, bar one—Cornell.

COLUMBIA has a good crew this year, and one that gives indications of attaining considerable speed later. The men are well grounded in the principles of a long stroke, and all very well seated. No. 7 is excellent, and coxswain one in a hundred, so that between them an ordinary stroke has been made into a strong one. They have a good body swing, use eighteen inches of slide, wide blades, and show inboard-work that is commendable.

The weak feature of the crew is its blade-work, which must be greatly improved, else the remaining good points will be neutralized. There is a frequent tendency to clip, which becomes marked and prevalent as the crew tires, and in this respect the bow four are the worst offenders. This is a serious fault in a crew rowing the stroke Mr. Peet is teaching Columbia, since it necessarily destroys much of the advantage to be gained through a long slide and reach. Unless this is corrected, the crew will not reach the development its otherwise good work appears to suggest it easily can.

THE Naval Academy crew undertook too much in arranging to row a race three consecutive Saturdays. The Cadets cannot drill and study, as they are obliged to do, and secure sufficient rest between Saturdays, not to mention training, to do themselves justice. I would like to see this Cadet crew, which Richard Armstrong (Yale '95) has brought this season to such a high state of proficiency, given time for proper practice and rest, and then raced against either Columbia or Pennsylvania. I incline to the belief it would defeat the first, and make a much better second to Pennsylvania than it did May 20.

The Columbia–Navy two-mile race was most exciting. Navy secured the lead in the first quarter, and held it until the last one hundred yards, when, after a steady half-mile spurt—those spurts for which the old Columbia crews were famous—Columbia put her bow over the line twenty-five feet ahead. The Cadet coxswain steered a ragged course, getting into Columbia's water at the finish.

AT no time was there much more than a length between the two crews, and they pulled nearly the same number of strokes, Columbia starting at 30, Navy at 32, and both going up to 37 in the last minute. Time, 12 min. 6 sec. The Cadet crew did a most gracious and sportsmanly act in taking out of its shell the pump always carried, because of the advantage in rough water it would give over Columbia.

What a sermon to some of our colleges that haggle and haggle to gain the smallest point!

Pennsylvania took the lead from the Navy from the start of their two-mile race a week later, pulling a 36 stroke to the Cadets' 34, and, steadily increasing, she won by over five lengths in 11 min. 13 sec.; the Cadets' time being 11 min. 32½ sec. Pennsylvania's Freshman crew also defeated the Navy second crew by three seconds.

CORNELL, Yale, and Harvard crews are rowing practically the same stroke, only Cornell at this writing is rowing it the best. All use about the same length of slide, sixteen to eighteen inches, and strive for the smooth recover and the commencement of the leg drive instantaneously upon the catch. There is considerable difference, however, in the execution. All reach about the same, but Cornell rows the stroke out more than either Harvard or Yale.

In fact, the strongest impression made by the Cornell crew just now is the way it holds onto the water with its seven-inch blades. It gets hold of the water instantly on the catch, and the pressure stays on until the stroke is rowed clear through. The boat does not yet run between strokes, as Cornell boats usually do, and as this year's boat no doubt will later, but it goes smoother than any one of the others. There is not the great abundance of rowing material of last year and the year before, but there is ample to turn out a crew up to the usual standard, although only three of the old 'varsity men are available.

Cornell will be better boated this year than ever—now that she is making her own shells, under Mr. Courtney's supervision and embodying some of his ideas. A new cedar eight-oared shell has just been completed that is the stiffest, prettiest shell I ever beheld.

YALE and Harvard crews are both at a stage of their development when it is very hard to say just what the immediate future will reveal. Yale has a veteran crew, all but two of her '98 'varsity being in the boat, and both of those being men of experience. It is not the tremendously heavy crew it has been reported to be—the average weight now being 170—but it certainly is a heavy and a powerful combination, and one, it seems to me, that could use a bit longer slide with profit. Yale has had other so-called heavy crews that have done fast, snappy work, notably the one of '95; but the '99 crew is not using so wide a blade nor so long a slide as the one of '95.

Now the danger of a heavy crew is that the instant it loses the long drive in the water it becomes very slow. For instance, Yale's crew of '94 was a heavy one, and certainly a very slow one (that achieved victory because Harvard was still worse), and the chief cause was a short stroke and a correspondingly short drive through the water. If you can get a heavy crew to row, it is faster, but the chances are less that you can put snap in its work and get it together.

Yale may not have this year a crew so pleasing to the eye as some we have seen from New Haven, but there are power and endurance and experience; and if it attains snap and rows out the stroke, it will be up to the average in speed. At present the customary snap is lacking; especially is this noticeable on the catch, and the general work is somewhat ragged.

All the energy of the stroke appears to be concentrated on the oar as it comes at right angles with the boat, and there seem to be less emphasis on the catch and more tendency to ease up at the end of the stroke than I remember in the best of Yale's crews.

HARVARD'S great trouble has been—and even at this writing it is not definitely assuaged—to find a satisfying stroke oar. In search of him, Mr. Storrow has been compelled to keep shifting the men around, so that almost every man in the boat has sat in more than one seat, and some of them on both sides of the shell.

Certainly all the shifting has been the means of giving the Harvard coach a thorough knowledge of the candidates, and we may have confidence in their final disposition in the boat being the very best utilization of their natural and acquired qualifications.

But Harvard must have a man at stroke who is more than merely acceptable; he must be an exceedingly good one—for this year above all others, if that is possible, a strong, dependable man is needed in that seat. Until this is settled one way or the other, it is hardly possible to discuss Harvard's rowing prospects with intelligence or finality.

There is abundant material, and four of the men in the boat were members of last year's crew. Not a great deal of difference exists between the work of the 'varsity and that of the second crew, and the boat of neither travels as it should do between strokes. They appear to have not quite so long a reach as Yale, but to catch harder and row the stroke out longer, though there seemed to be, when I saw the crew, a perceptible hesitation after the catch rather than the steady, strong sweep through from the instant a grip on the water was obtained.

The Harvard crew does not give the suggestion of power conveyed by the Yale crew, but at the present stage of development I rather prefer the crimson stroke.

PRINCETON–COLUMBIA TRACK–ATHLETIC MEET, MAY 20, 1899, AT PRINCETON.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Princeton.	Columbia.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	5	3	F. W. Jarvis.	10 3-5 s.
220-yard dash	1	7	M. W. Long.	24 1-5 s.
440-yard run	1	7	M. W. Long.	53 s.
880-yard run	6	2	J. F. Cregan.	2 m. 4 3-5 s.
1-mile run	6	2	J. F. Cregan.	4 m. 41 2-5 s.
2-mile run	7	1	L. R. Palmer.	10 m. 30 s.
120-yard hurdles	3	5	L. Barker.	17 1-5 s.
220-yard hurdles	2	6	L. Barker.	28 1-5 s.
Running high jump ...	8	0	W. Carroll.	6 ft. 1 3-4 in.
Running broad jump ..	8	0	K. L. Von Krug.	20 ft. 8 1-2 in.
Pole vault...........	4⅙	3⅚	C. Eastmond, A. W. Coleman.	10 ft. *
16-lb.-shot put	8	0	W. L. Boettger.	39 ft. 1 in.
16-lb.-hammer throw..	2	6	G. Welles.	116 ft. 1-2 in.
Total	61⅙	42⅚	* Tie.	

Owing to Decoration day falling on one of our regular printing days, this Department went to press on May 26.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"FUR AND FEATHER TALES."—BY HAMBLEN SEARS.—ILLUSTRATED.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $1 75.—HARPER & BROTHERS

Diary of the Revolt

Monday, May 15.—Lawton's advanced force left San Miguel and proceeded towards San Isidro, reaching Baluarte about midway between the two places mentioned.

General Rios, in command of the Spanish troops remaining in the Philippines, cabled to the War Office at Madrid, announcing that he had entered into an agreement with General Otis for an immediate evacuation of Zamboanga and Sulu; that American troops would occupy Sulu "and render honors to the Spanish flag on the departure of the Spanish troops," but would not take possession of Zamboanga at this time.

Tuesday, May 16.—Beyond San Fernando the Filipinos completely destroyed a section of the railroad several miles in length.

The cruiser *Charleston* brought the news that a launch from the gunboat *Concord*, while attempting to land at Aparri, a town situated on the north coast of Luzon at the mouth of the Rio Grande de Cagayan, was attacked by savages and compelled to withdraw.

Wednesday, May 17.—Lawton's advanceguard set out from Baluarte at daylight, moving on San Isidro, seven miles away to the northwest. Colonel Summers of the Oregon regiment was in command, and with him were the Twenty-second regulars, the volunteers from Minnesota, Oregon, and North Dakota, and Scott's Battery of Artillery—all preceded by the scouts, who had rendered conspicuous service since Lawton's campaign began, and who had just lost their chief, William H. Young. The enemy was first encountered two miles from San Isidro, but offered practically no resistance at this point. Immediately outside of the town, however, about two thousand men were intrenched; these waited to have fifteen killed and twenty wounded, and to kill one man from Oregon and wound one man from Minnesota, before leaving the trenches. Here, as at San Fernando, only a show of resistance was intended—the two regiments which were left behind when the main body of the Filipinos withdrew from the capital serving to invite the Americans to an easy and barren victory.

General Otis cabled: "Lawton, with tact and ability, has covered Bulacan Province with his column, and driven insurgent troops northward into San Isidro, second insurgent capital, which he captured this morning. He is now driving the enemy northward into the mountains. He has constant fighting, inflicting heavy losses and suffering few casualties. The appearance of his troops on flanks of the enemy [posted] behind intrenchments, thrown up at every strategic point and town, is demoralizing the insurgents, and has given them no opportunity to reconcentrate scattered troops. Kobbé's column, with gunboats, is proceeding up Rio Grande."

The expedition under Major Kobbé to which General Otis referred, comprising the Seventeenth Infantry, a battalion of the Ninth, and a battery of the First Artillery, left Calumpit at daybreak to join Lawton in the north. A flotilla of *cascos* loaded with supplies for Lawton's command was convoyed by the army gunboats under Captain Grant.

Filipinos south of Manila attacked an outpost near Pasig, and were repulsed with a loss of five killed and several wounded.

Thursday, May 18.—General Otis reported to the War Department: "Representatives of the insurgent cabinet and Aguinaldo, in the mountains twelve miles north of San Isidro, will send in a commission to-morrow to seek terms of peace. Majority of the force confronting MacArthur at San Fernando has retired to Tarlac [thirty miles beyond San Fernando] after tearing up two miles of railway. This force has decreased to about twenty-five hundred. Scouting parties and detachments moving to-day in various directions. Kobbé, with his column, is at Candaba, on the Rio Grande. Great majority of the inhabitants of provinces over which our troops have moved are anxious for peace, and [this sentiment is] supported by members of insurgent cabinet. Aspect of affairs at present favorable."

The Filipinos looted and burned San Luis, below Candaba, on the Rio Grande. The transport *Warren* arrived at Manila with eight batteries of the Sixth Artillery and a detachment of recruits.

Friday, May 19.—Brigadier-General Funston relieved General Wheaton. The latter, according to a despatch, was to be assigned to the command of a new expedition.

Saturday, May 20.—General Gregorio del Pilar, commander of the Filipino forces which had opposed the advance of General Lawton's division; Lieutenant-Colonel Barretto, Judge-Advocate; Major Zealcita of Aguinaldo's staff; and Señor Gonzaza, a former member of the Filipino cabinet, reached Manila by special train from Malolos at 8.15 A.M. These were the commissioners referred to in the official despatch of the 18th, and the statement was made that they had been instructed to co-operate with three residents of Manila for the purpose of negotiating terms of peace with the American commissioners. The unsatisfactory nature of their proposition was disclosed in a message from General Otis: "Commissioners of Aguinaldo arrived this morning. Wish to consult United States Commission, which they will do on the 22d inst. Their power limited, and apparently armistice a condition precedent to negotiation. Aguinaldo asks cessation of hostilities to ascertain desires of Filipino people."

Meantime hostilities had not ceased. Major Kobbé's expedition had encountered moderate resistance, and suffered somewhat from the attacks of sharpshooters. Beyond Candaba "the gunboats steamed ahead, all the way training their Gatling guns upon the banks, and dropping shells wherever uniforms appeared on the shore."

The First Nebraska Regiment (numbering about 300—two of the companies mere squads) marched from San Fernando to Calumpit for a thirty days' rest.

Admiral Dewey started on his journey to the United States at four o'clock in the afternoon. Each of the war-ships fired an admiral's salute and manned the sides, the bands playing "Home, Sweet Home" and "Auld Lang Syne" as the flag-ship *Olympia* sailed away. Captain Albert S. Barker assumed command of the station, pending the arrival of Rear-Admiral Watson.

Sunday, May 21.—Kobbé's expedition joined Lawton's command at Arayat.

Monday, May 22.—The president of the United States Philippines Commission submitted this proposition in writing to the Filipino Peace Commissioners: "While the final decision as to the form of government is in the hands of Congress, the President, under his military powers, pending the action of Congress, stands ready to offer the following form of government: A Governor-General, to be appointed by the President; a cabinet, to be appointed by the Governor-General; all the judges to be appointed by the President; the heads of departments and judges to be either Americans or Filipinos, or both; and also a general advisory council, its members to be chosen by the people by a form of suffrage to be hereafter carefully determined upon. The President earnestly desires that bloodshed [shall] cease, and that the people of the Philippines at an early date [may] enjoy the largest measure of self-government compatible with peace and order."

The Filipinos made no definite proposition, except for a cessation of hostilities, until they could present the question of peace to the people.

In a despatch General Otis stated that troops were being maintained in some of the towns through which Lawton had passed, and that the latter was "proceeding down the Rio Grande from San Isidro." Lawton had driven the enemy westward from San Antonio, Cabiao, and Arayat, "where he was joined yesterday by Kobbé's column; will reach Santa Ana and Candaba to-day. MacArthur still at San Fernando, and will occupy cities south and westward. . . . Luna's forces at Tarlac much diminished. . . . Numbers of officers of rank have deserted Luna, and a few have entered Manila for protection. In Pampanga and Bulacan, inhabitants returning to homes, only fear insurgent troops. South of Manila insurgent disintegration progressing, though large force still maintained; conditions improving daily. Shall send battalion of troops and a gunboat to Negros to-morrow to allay excitement in southern portion of that island and west coast of Cebú. Have denied request of Aguinaldo's commissioners for armistice."

Marrion Wilcox.

Troop-Ship Life

The troop-ship *Sheridan*, formerly the *Massachusetts*, carrying the Twelfth Infantry and one battalion of the Seventeeth Infantry, left New York at three o'clock in the afternoon of February 19, and arrived at Manila on April 14. In addition to the fighting-men—57 officers and 1796 privates, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Smith commanding—there were almost threescore women and children on board. It may be remembered that General Otis cabled, when reporting the arrival of the vessel, that Lieutenant Meyer and three enlisted men died *en route*. The lieutenant disappeared from the ship on the night of April 11. It was supposed that he fell overboard, for the weather was intensely hot, and he was sleeping on deck.

With the exception of such meagre details, we were without information in regard to the experiences of our officers and men during this voyage until the receipt of Mr. Bengough's drawings, which we reproduce on another page of this issue, enabled us to realize the daily life on board the *Sheridan* as our artist saw it when in the Gulf of Aden, the Arabian Sea, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the China Sea. Now, when our gallant volunteers are beginning to return from the Far East, the glimpses which these pictures afford of life on a transport are interesting. Mr. Bengough writes that the mess-deck on the *Sheridan* was not half large enough to seat the men, and therefore the spar-deck became an annex, where any available space served as table and chair; "and fortunate the man who succeeds in finishing his stew before some clumsy shoe kicks it over or a lurch of the ship sends him flying down the companionway to the deck below, with his mess accompanying him—to be greeted, on his involuntary change of surroundings, with joyous shouts of '*As* you were!' But the many inconveniences arising from overcrowding result in the transformation of a grumbling recruit into a resigned and happy-go-lucky soldier, who accepts everything with chaff and laugh, turning mishaps into fun."

An important department of our well-equipped new troop-ships is made the subject of the drawing entitled "The Butcher Shop." Down in the depths of the big vessels is an enormous supply of provisions, under the care of the chief steward, and there the meat hangs, frozen as securely as when it was taken aboard. It comes up from below fresh and inviting even after the vessel has reached equatorial regions, to be carved with an axe, and cut into steaks and roasts for the officers, and into stew-meat for the enlisted men.

According to the regulations, the ship's quarters are inspected twice each day by the commanding officer, the ship's master, the quartermaster, and the chief doctor—to which circumstance may be ascribed the scrupulous order and cleanliness which distinguish the latest additions to our fleet of transports.

The drawing which shows such an "Inspection," and that which represents "The Hospital," might well serve to illustrate a lesson of the war with Spain—a lesson taken to heart and well learned, though at a terrible cost. Every convenience which can add to the comfort of the sick is provided on the lastest ships. The hospital department is conducted with care and skill, as a rule, and Mr. Bengough writes that the presence of four Red Cross nurses—added quite accidentally to the hospital staff of the *Sheridan*—contributed greatly to the health and comfort of the wives and children of the officers.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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A SPRING EFFECT.

Behold, under the budding shades of Central Park are passing, in the joy of spring-time, all the elegance of the city. The air is heavy with intoxicating perfumes, the breath of marvellous flowers and— It is simply the fashionable perfume which they are breathing, the celebrated Violettes du Czar of Oriza-Legrand (to be had of all perfumers and druggists).—[*Adv.*]

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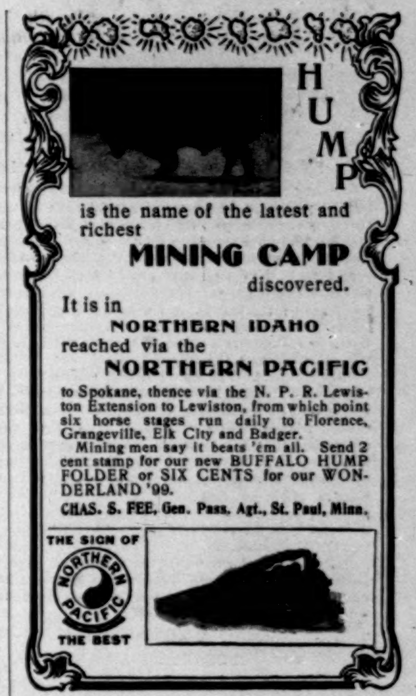

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THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

This story was begun May 13, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. Hardy is much interested in the reported infatuation of Prince Edric of Prussia with a peasant girl of Luxembourg. On the through express from Paris to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger of much the same age and build, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian army officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own, though advising him not to show it. Hardy creates a commotion at the station, and is arrested. Though protesting his identity, he is mistaken for von Elbe, and while treated with the greatest consideration, is placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he meets his chum, Victor Osborne, who is there as First Secretary.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKFAST AND BANTER.

Showing how a bet may be won and yet leave the winner out of pocket; also, why maidens should not put their trust in princes, neither in the sons of men.

WE breakfasted about eleven, Osborne and I, in the sunny morning-room adjoining the conservatory.

He had changed very little since we left West Point—he to resign and play with politics, I to enter the cavalry and learn to covet dead men's shoes.

"The service is too slow," he said, chipping an egg and glancing wistfully at me; "I couldn't have stood the stagnation. Dead men's shoes are not so repulsive in politics; their owners are only dead politically, you know."

Through the open window I heard the wind in the trees; I saw the swallows sheering the cliff across the street; I heard the melody of the Alzette tinkling through the ravine. The bizarre beauty of everything preoccupied me.

"Yes, everything is pretty in this futile country," said Osborne. "To prevent his Excellency's mind from wandering I tried to engage homely house-maids. There were none in Luxembourg."

"Victor," said I, "why on earth did they send that man out here?"

"Oh! his Excellency? He harmonizes with the landscape," said Osborne. "You ought to see him when his whiskers are combed out like the white frill on a pouter-pigeon."

We lighted cigars and moved our chairs to the balcony. An exceedingly trim maid, with obtrusively satisfactory ankles, removed the breakfast dishes. Somehow or other the atmosphere of the whole Legation struck me as frivolous; the rococo mirrors, the slim twisted candlesticks, the gilded chairs and sofas, all seemed part and parcel of the dainty absurdity of the city. And those pink and white maids with their china-blue eyes and lace caps—they belonged in stage boudoirs; they should be dancing delicate dances in the lightest of light musical comedies, bathed in the prismatic reflections of crystal chandeliers.

"Oh, you'll get used to it," observed Osborne; "everything's pretty here; everything is irresponsible and artistically reasonable. Here we all—

> "Take the cash and let the credit go,
> Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum."

"Tell me, seriously," I said, "just how the land lies in this Christmas-pantomime country."

"You don't want to be serious so soon after breakfast?" he protested.

"Yes, I do. The very air here makes me feel foolish, like sweet champagne. If we don't talk sense I'll become as trivial as the rest of you."

"Well," he said, "I will lecture on modern history, then. This is all I know: William the Sudden has fished out of his archives a lot of old wills and grants and treaties, which he is pasting together to suit his ends. It seems that in 1883, in Holland, fear of absorption by Germany was excited by the fact that, in case of the death of the feeble Prince of Orange, the only male heir was Prince Albert of Prussia. Prince Albert was a claimant through maternal descent from King William I. of Holland. Then came a grand mix-up. Prince Albert of Prussia cited the case of William I. of Prussia, who was a grandson of the old Stadtholder Frederick Henry. But that claim, it seems, was settled 'way back in 1732. At any rate, the Kaiser is perfectly possessed to get hold of Luxembourg, if not of Holland. He wants to compromise; but he has a clear-headed little lady, with a mind of her own, to deal with—I mean Wilhelmina of Holland."

"She mobilized the reserve," I said.

"You bet she did!" cried Osborne, enthusiastically. "Here's a diplomatic secret: What do you think his Sudden Majesty of Germany tried to do? He magnanimously offered her a husband, to be selected and specially blessed by himself."

"No!" I said, disgusted. "What did the little Queen of Holland say?"

"She said something very saucy—she said it in rhyme, too; his Excellency saw it. Translated it read: 'Where the old cat crawls through, the kittens may follow; where the kittens crawl through, the old cat may climb over the fence.'"

"Which meant," I said, laughing, "that a Prussian princeling once in Holland, the old cat Kaiser might walk over the frontier."

"Exactly, and pocket Luxembourg. Oh, she's a bonnie little queen, Wilhelmina, and as sweet and pretty as she is clever! And to think of a coarse-fibred Prussian—"

"That reminds me," I interrupted. "Prince Edric of Prussia is in Luxembourg."

"In prison," added Osborne, with an air that said, plainly, "Don't try to teach your grandmother to suck eggs."

"Who told you so?" I asked.

"The police, of course," yawned my too clever comrade.

"Well," I said, pitilessly, "you have been gulled; they got the wrong man, and Prince Edric has gone a-wooing his ladye fayre. I see, Victor, that you need mature advice in your first diplomatic essay."

He took it fairly well; it was something of a dig, though, and perhaps I laughed a little louder than necessary.

"How did you find that out?" he asked, wincing.

"The police, of course," I yawned.

It was too bad to rub it in. But, on the other hand, I had no intention of revealing to him the fact of my incarceration. I should never have heard the last of it.

"I'm going to wire his Excellency," said Victor. "He might as well know that Edric is in Luxembourg. Everybody thinks it's for a peasant girl, but it may be some Prussian plot that the Sudden One is hatching."

"Wire ahead," I said. "Only I happen to know that the Kaiser is furious, and has sent two spies, or sheriffs, or some species of Teuton reptile, after Edric."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Osborne, pretending to be overcome at my precocity. "And what may their names be, my omniscient young friend?"

"Wiepert and Vossburg," I replied, concealing my triumph with a half-yawn.

Osborne looked up quickly.

"Confound it, Gilbert," he said, "you have been in Luxembourg an hour or so, and you know more already than I do! Who told you about Wiepert and old Vossburg?"

"They are friends of mine," I said, calmly. "If I learn anything of interest to the government I'll tell you, my son."

Osborne, a trifle angry, but laughing, rose and stepped out on the balcony. I followed, still smoking.

"Those two spies have been hanging around town ever since I came here," he said. "They watch our Legation; they haunt the barracks, the council-chamber, the palace. Why? Lord knows; I can't make out what they want, unless it's that 'general information' so dear to the German government."

"At present," I said, "they're after Prince Edric, with a warrant of arrest in the name of the Kaiser."

There was a silence. I tossed my cigar over the railing, and watched it fall and lie smoking among the scarlet geraniums in the court-yard.

"Do you suppose Edric means to renounce his titles and pretences and marry that peasant girl?" asked Osborne.

"I believe he is capable of it," I said; "I believe the Kaiser thinks him capable of it."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because I myself believe Prince Edric would stop at nothing."

"What do you know of Prince Edric?" asked Osborne, much amused.

"More than you think I do," I replied, "and more than I'm going to tell you."

"Perhaps you know him?"

"Perhaps I do."

"Come, Gilbert," he said, "don't be idiotic. I'm going to write to his Excellency now. You might take a stroll down by the barracks and inspect the Luxembourg army; it's all there, the whole battalion. Go and begin your prowling. A Legation is only a diplomatic name for a nest of spies, you know."

He sauntered back into the room, a little piqued; I fancy, puzzling his brains over my apparent sources of knowledge.

"By-the-way, Victor," I called to him as he left the balcony, "when am I to be presented to the Grand-Duke and Duchess?"

"When they come back to town," he replied.

"But the Duchess is here now," I said, unable to forego the opportunity.

"No, she isn't," he answered.

I went into the room where he stood by the hall door.

"I'll bet you she's in town," I said.

"Take you," he replied, promptly.

"Box of cigars?"

"Done. Prove it."

Now I had forgotten that I could not honorably prove it. I thought a moment, then said,

"I saw her, Victor."

"Mistake," he said, briefly.

"Then prove it yourself," I retorted.

He picked up the morning paper, *L'Indépendance Luxembourgeoise*, and searched a moment.

"Here," he said: "'*Court News.*—His Highness the Grand-Duke Athel, her Highness the Grand-Duchess Eulalie, Mademoiselle Bettina d'Yssel, and the Countess of Wilverwiltz have been for three days at the Château Wilverwiltz for the golf tournament.'"

"What paper is that?" I demanded.

"This morning's paper."

"It's an asinine sheet," I said; "and you can have your cigars when you want them."

"I thought you'd drown in your sea of knowledge," he observed. And he went away, singing, under his breath:

> "A man's an ass as goes to sea;
> At him I do deride;
> But woman is a tender flower,
> And delicate inside."

I picked up hat, gloves, and stick, and departed, vexed that I had lost not only my bet, but also my prestige with Osborne as a possessor of sources of information.

As I strolled across the street I thought of my adventure of the night before.

"Nevertheless," I muttered, "the Duchess was in town last evening, and he can make the most of his cigars."

Now that I knew the court was away, I began to feel that the city was dull. Of course at first I found the city itself interesting; I strolled through it from the Plat d'Altmünster to the Rue Vauban, from the Avenue Marie-Thérèse, through the Boulevard du Prince and Boulevard du Roi, to the theatre. I inspected the beautiful library, the Chamber of Deputies, Palais de Justice, Cathedral, and the churches of Saint-Cunnégonde and Saint-Quirin. Then I had enough of antiquities, so I went to the market square, where the fresh-faced peasant girls thronged the sidewalks, and looked sideways at me, until I thought I had better go to the Café Metzler and order something with ice in it. Yet it was true that the town lacked gayety. The handsome quarters were silent, deserted, save by a nurse-maid or two sitting on the benches beside beardless soldiers. Truly a city of sixteen thousand inhabitants needed at least a grand-duke and a court to make it endurable.

Now if there had been plenty of military about I should not have found it dull; but the total garrison consisted of the entire Luxembourg army—a battalion of infantry and a wandering sprinkling of gendarmes. The fortifications, interesting because Vauban constructed some of them, were neither modern nor of any immediate military consequence. Yet it was easy to understand how this fortified city had once been the strongest fortress in the world, except Gibraltar. For although by the treaty of London in 1867 the fortifications were demolished, so great a part of them were hewn out of the solid rock that, even now, with a little industry and a few machine-guns, the city could be made intensely interesting to any assaulting force. With money and time the city could be even made worthy, as a citadel, of its ancient title—the "Key to France." And it is true to-day that any country holding Luxembourg, reconstructed as a fortress of the first class, would possess the only logical base from which France could be successfully invaded from the north.

Antiquated defences and small armies soon satisfy the curiosity of the modern soldier, and, apart from the projects that naturally shaped themselves in my mind for the defence of a defenceless city, I found little to amuse or instruct me in Luxembourg military matters. Besides, I was a cavalry officer, and I observed with sufficient tolerance the delving of engineers, the calculations of artillerists, and the confabs of owl-eyed infantry experts.

While I stood on the viaduct, examining the battered relics of ancient defence, Osborne joined me, swinging a cane.

"Anything in your line?" he asked, banteringly. "Given the length of a ship and the height of the mainmast, find the age of the captain's cat—eh?"

I did not answer. I was inspecting a young man who had just crossed the bridge, and who now, traversing the street, entered the Rue d'Eau at a lively pace.

Unless I was blinder than the white bat of Drumgoole, that man was Stanerl von Elbe—Prince Edric of Prussia.

"Why the devil don't you answer me when I speak to you?" inquired Osborne.

"Wait till you're a big boy," I replied, and left him there, mouth open.

The man ahead of me was certainly Prince Edric. He walked along at a rapid pace, with that erect yet not ungraceful carriage peculiar to many Prussian officers.

There were plenty of people in the Rue d'Eau, so I found it easy to follow him without attracting his attention. As he walked he kept glancing up at the signs on the shops, as though searching for some number. I kept him in view without difficulty, wondering why he dared show himself so openly in the streets of Luxembourg.

Once he stopped at a book-store window, apparently fascinated by some photographs. Presently he entered the store. I went to the window, and while pretending to examine the display of photographs for sale, kept one eye on Prince Edric. I noticed among the photographs portraits of actresses, emperors, prize cattle, and demi-mondaines.

Tucked away in a corner, Bismarck stared through a thin film of dust. The slight cast in his prominent eyes always fascinated me, like the outward turn one sees in the eyes of well-bred pug-dogs. William the Sudden was there, between some views of the famous Luxembourg cattle show—stalled bulls, prize hogs, and two-headed calves.

But the important pictures in the window were, of course, portraits of the Grand-Duke and Duchess and the lovely Queen of Holland. Wilhelmina was everywhere, in every costume; the Grand-Duchess, radiant in her youthful beauty, appeared in court costume, in riding-habit, in water-proof, and cape. I should never have recognized her. As for the Grand-Duke, he was duplicated and reduplicated in all the uniforms imaginable. He was apparently more times a colonel in European crack regiments than there were men in the entire Luxembourg army.

When Prince Edric came out of the shop I turned my back. He would not have seen me anyway, for he continued down the Rue d'Eau, still searching the signs on the shops.

It took me only a moment to enter the book-store, find out what Prince Edric had bought, and return to follow him.

His Highness had purchased sixteen photographs of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

"Oh, peasant maid of Luxembourg," I thought, "put not your trust in princes—neither in the sons of men."

CHAPTER IX.

THE RING.

Proving that no man can guess in cold blood what he might do in a passion.

WHEN at last Prince Edric found the number he was searching for, I entered the shop at his heels, and as he took his place in a line of people before a railing I stood behind him, indifferent now as to discovery, determined, as soon as he had finished his business, to have a chat with him on matters interesting to us both.

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The place was an information-bureau for tourists and travellers, a ticket-office for railroads, and a general rendezvous where commercial men and other voyagers might find foreign newspapers, time-tables, and directories. There were also conveniences for changing foreign money into Luxembourg coinage, commission strictly according to the quoted rate of exchange.

The waiting line of men moved up little by little, until at length Prince Edric stood at the *guichet*, and the agent looked questioningly down at him from behind the railing.

"I should like a ticket, first class, to Wilverwiltz," said Prince Edric, politely returning the agent's mechanical inclination.

The agent opened a drawer, found the ticket, stamped it, tore off half, stamped that, wrote on both halves, punched them, and handed one to Prince Edric. Wilverwiltz was only ten miles away.

"I suppose the diligence still runs between Wilverwiltz and Saint-Yssel?" said Prince Edric, laying a silver piece on the desk.

"No, monsieur. The Saint-Yssel Chasse is closed."

"But the Forester's lodge is still there, of course?" inquired Prince Edric, nervously.

"His Highness the Grand-Duke has closed it permanently," replied the agent.

The Prince seemed so taken aback that the agent added, "Van Tassel, the head forester, died last winter."

"But his niece?" blurted out the Prince, impatiently.

"Intelligence concerning the head-forester's niece is not included in the information distributed by this bureau," replied the agent, coldly.

"But I wish to find the niece of the Duke's head forester," said the Prince, in a firm voice.

"Apply to the police, monsieur. And kindly step aside; there are others waiting."

I had to laugh; it was retribution with a vengeance.

The Prince slowly turned around; there was lightning in his eyes, though his visage expressed no emotion. But when he saw it was I who stood there, he instinctively stepped back, controlling his angry surprise with an effort that stiffened the tense skin over his cheek-bones and set his jaws tight as a steel trap.

"Monsieur," I said, affably, "let us resume diplomatic relations. I bear no malice."

He evidently expected me to denounce him; he was a trifle pale.

"I mean it," I said; "it is I who am your debtor."

Which was true; except for him I should never have kissed the Grand-Duchess. Even now I was wearing her ring on my little finger, under my glove. Bad form, but very comforting.

"I do not particularly desire your company," he said, in a low voice, "but I appear to be at your mercy."

"Then go to the deuce!" I said, hotly. "Do you take me for a blackmailer?" And I walked out of the shop, twirling my stick angrily.

The next moment he had joined me, walking at my side, his hand on my elbow.

"Don't be offended," he said, with candid earnestness; "I have treated you abominably, and I beg your pardon. You are quite right in demanding an interview, and I accord it with pleasure—believe me—with greatest pleasure."

"You mean a duel?" I asked, my wrath subsiding. "There's time enough for that; it is I who owe you reparation, Monsieur von Elbe."

He raised his eyebrows.

"Really?"

"I'm afraid so," I said. "However, let us find some nook for a quiet chat, where we can curse each other comfortably."

"A café?" he asked, smiling.

"You had better keep clear of cafés, and thoroughfares too, Monsieur von Elbe," I said, a little maliciously.

He glanced up, but said nothing, until I hailed a cab.

"Where are we going?" he demanded.

"To my apartments, if you will do me the honor."

There was enough irony in my voice, enough danger in the suggestion to touch his *amour-propre*. As a prudent man, he would have refused; as an officer, he would not.

"With pleasure," he said, carelessly.

I motioned towards the cab, which had stopped close to the curb.

"I beg you to enter first," he said, politely.

"Another question of precedence?"

He winced and bit his lip; I sprang into the cab, he followed, and I bade the cabman drive to the United States Legation.

When Prince Edric heard the direction he turned and looked sharply at me, but I pretended not to notice it.

"Frankly," he said, "why are you going to the American Legation?"

"Have you any objections?" I replied, in apparent surprise.

"Do you think a Prussian officer would be welcome in a Yankee Legation?" he asked, bluntly.

"You know the Dutch proverb," I said: "'One devil does not make a hell.'"

I said it so cheerfully that the anger my words aroused in him was paralyzed by my soft tones. There is no severity like gentleness.

"Come," said I; "are there any reasons we should not be friends?"

"I think there are," he said. "You are one of them."

"Nonsense," I laughed. "You and I are sure to like each other immensely. You know the proverb: 'He makes no friends who never made an enemy.'"

"God keep me from my friends, and I'll keep myself from my enemies," he quoted, striving to look cynical.

A few moments later we stopped before the Legation. He eyed the coat of arms, but followed me without further questions into the Legation and up stairs, where I ushered him through a suite of handsome empty rooms into my own apartment.

"You shall try," said I, "a Niagara cocktail with an olive in it."

He nodded doubtfully. A servant brought what I needed, including ice, and a thin flask full of almond-shaped olives from Arles.

While I made the cocktails, Prince Edric took a rapid survey. His eyes noted the cavalry sabres crossed over the mantel, the spurs, foils, boxing-gloves. I saw he was trying to make up his mind concerning my profession, and his eyes returned persistently, almost wistfully, to the sabres.

"If it will relieve you," I said, "to know that you are going to drink with an officer of the United States army, don't trouble yourself further."

He flushed scarlet.

"Why didn't you tell me that in the train?" he asked.

"Because," said I, "my nationality alone should be sufficient to compel respect."

"A civilian and an officer are two different things," he retorted, hotly. "In Berlin the difference is understood."

My impatience was getting the better of me.

"Come," I said, briefly; "I've been more than patient with you, and now I'm going to be frank. He that handles a nettle gently is soonest stung."

I raised my glass and stood up.

"Nevertheless," I continued, "I don't propose to let irritation sour my cocktail. I have the honor—Herr von Elbe—"

He jumped up at once and made me a stiff bow, repeating, "Monsieur, to you; the honor is mine—"

The cocktails disappeared; we made each other two more bows, then sat down, prepared for trouble.

"Now," I began, "when you amused yourself by playing highwayman last evening, you had no idea that you were also playing with the buzz-saw of destiny, did you?"

"Are you the buzz-saw of destiny?" he asked.

"I am. You've hurt yourself, too."

"I don't notice it," he said, sarcastically.

"It hasn't begun to hurt yet," I said, finishing the construction of two more cocktails. I handed him his, and set mine on the table beside me.

"You deserve," I continued, "what you received. You bully a stranger with a revolver and help yourself to his passport."

"Here's your passport," he said, exasperated; "ask whatever reparation you desire. I'm only too thankful that it's an officer I shall have the honor to encounter."

"What are we going to fight for?" I demanded. "I don't wish to squabble because a man in love has acted rashly."

"A man in love?" he repeated, with narrowing eyes.

"Have you any other excuse for taking my passport as you did?"

"I needed it," he said, sullenly.

"Indeed you did, Prince Edric, and you took it like a road-agent. Confound it! if you had given me half a hint I'd have stood by you at any inconvenience to myself."

That I had called him by his own name and title staggered him; that I could show him sympathy and generosity under the circumstances hit him harder yet.

"It is easy to see you are an officer and an American," he said. "Your forbearance puts me to confusion."

"Wait," I replied, ominously. "I was arrested and imprisoned because I was taken for you. Your Emperor's two spies, Vossburg and Wiepert, came from the frontier to conduct me to Berlin."

"What can I say?" he cried, deeply distressed. "I will do anything to make amends—indeed I will!"

"Very well," I said; "listen. You know, of course, what the newspapers say about you?"

"Yes," he admitted, setting his teeth and shooting a distrustful glance at me.

"Is it true?"

He turned rigid to the tips of his ears.

"Is that a question?" he asked.

"Yes. I beg your pardon for asking it, but, like your observation concerning my passport, I *must* know."

He glared at me for a moment, then stood up.

"Answer me," I said, coolly. "If it is true that you are in love with a beautiful Luxembourgeoise, then what happened last night is abominable!"

"And what happened last night?" he asked, with tightly compressed lips.

"I told a woman I loved her."

"What has that to do with me?" he returned, in astonishment.

"Why, this—she took me for you!"

He sat down heavily.

(Continued on page 560.)

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(Continued from page 559.)

I went over the whole episode, not sparing myself in the least. To make such a confession to any man under any other circumstances would have been dastardly; to do so now was the only possible course. It was necessary for the honor and happiness of both Prince Edric and the Duchess Eulalie that the Prince should know what had been done in his name.

Prince Edric listened until I had finished; then he quietly demanded the name of the woman.

"It is the first time I ever disclosed the name of any woman," I said, deeply humiliated. "The lady was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg."

The utter blankness of his face startled me. For a full minute we faced each other in perfect silence.

"You kissed the Duchess?" he repeated, passing one hand across his eyes as though to conjure up such an amazing vision.

"I did—but she thought it was you," I said, tartly.

He burst into a most ridiculous fit of laughter. I watched him, astonished.

"We won't quarrel about that!" he cried, laughing all the while. "The Duchess is a harmless little feather-head, infatuated with her own husband, who doesn't understand her. She's horribly sensitive and jealous of him, and he of her. Why, they've only been married a year! It was a political match, but she fell head over heels in love with the Duke, and dares not hint at it, fearing a repulse. And he's so stupid he can't understand."

"The Duchess didn't seem to bother about it," I said, sarcastically.

"Pooh! When I was here last year I saw she was eating her heart out. She was silly enough to try to revenge the fancied indifference of her husband by attempting to fall in love with me. Don't I know the difference between love and pique?"

"Well," I said, vastly relieved, "what are you going to do?"

"Do? Go to see her and tell her not to be silly. I'll take the responsibility of your indiscretions—I'll shoulder everything. The whole affair is exquisitely humorous, and I don't wonder you tried to pay me in my own coin!"

"And you don't think," I suggested, "that she really will be unhappy?"

It was a curious sensation. I was unwilling to believe that the Duchess, who had confessed so much to me, should not mean it—even though she took me for another man.

"Every word she uttered was meant for her husband—only she didn't know it," he laughed. "I know her."

"Then," said I, "give her back her ring, too." And I drew the curious dull gold circlet from my finger and laid it in Prince Edric's hand.

What followed passed very quickly. For no sooner had he set eyes on the ring than he sprang up in a most extraordinary fury, accusing me of so many things that my head whirled. He denounced me; he swore he'd have satisfaction without delay. I, utterly bewildered, told him he was my guest, and begged him to remember where he was.

"That is not the Duchess's ring!" he cried; "she never wore it!"

"It belonged to the lady I made love to," I said, in a passion; "if you know who she is you can get yourself out of the scrape or not—I don't care a pfennig!"

I thought to myself, "Somehow or other I've been kissing his confounded peasant girl; that's what I've done."

"See here," I continued; "I can't stand this any longer. You and your affairs have bothered me to death ever since I met you. If I've been spooning with any duchess or peasant girl of yours, it serves you right."

Beside himself with fury, he pointed to the sabres on the wall.

"Wait," I said, hotly; "do you think I'm going to spoil my carpets and furniture because you want to carve me up? No, my friend; but I'm going to put on those boxing-gloves and give you a quarter of an hour that you'll remember."

I snatched the gloves from the wall; he looked horrified, but I tossed him a pair for himself and put mine on.

"If I can afford to do it, you can," I said, savagely. "I don't care what your customs are; if you have any human nature left, put those gloves on."

"We are in Europe," he said, breathing hard. "If I were only in America—"

"You're in the United States Legation; politically you are on American soil!"

He took fire at this and drew on the gloves. We were both dying to get at each other; the nervous tension had lasted too long for young blood.

"I take it you know how to box," I observed. I had understood he had been educated in England.

"Yes, I box," he replied, briefly.

As we faced each other, the ridiculous aspect of the situation did not strike us. We were no longer officers—no longer guest and host; we were two boys, possessed with the desire to thrash each other, for each devoutly believed the other needed it.

Mechanically I extended my right glove; he touched it with his, then stepped back.

"Guard!" I said, briskly, and went at him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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The schedule between Cortlandt Street and Jersey City will also be changed, so that a boat will leave each side, on week-days, every seven and eight minutes, alternately, instead of every ten minutes as heretofore.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has recently placed in service on its principal through trains between New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Pittsburg a number of new passenger coaches and combined cars, with the latest improved pattern of wide platform and vestibule. These vestibules are the entire width of the cars, and are enclosed by glass windows and doors. They form excellent observation nooks, besides rendering passage from car to car easy and perfectly safe and comfortable.

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In addition to its excellent train service, the Pennsylvania Railroad offers the traveller between New York and Chicago, and New York and St. Louis the privilege of a stop-over of ten days at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. This stop-over is granted on all through first-class tickets reading via those cities. Persons desiring to stop-over must deposit their ticket with the station agent immediately on arrival.

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The Peace Jubilee

WASHINGTON was the scene of a festivity which, with its many attractive features designed to celebrate not only the victories of our army and navy, but also (as we like to believe) the inauguration of an era of good feeling between Spanish people and Americans, diverted and interested the capital on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 23, 24, and 25.

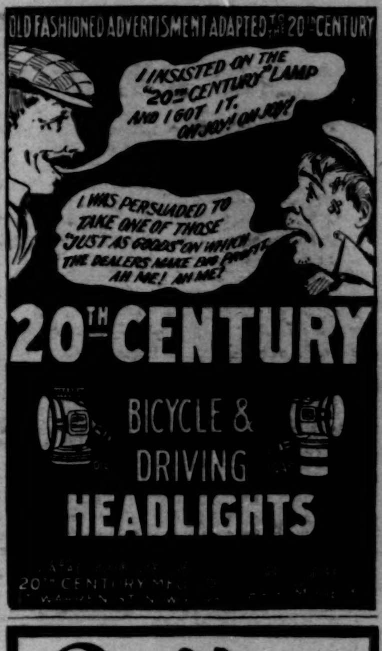
At seven o'clock on the morning of the first day mentioned church bells were rung, and salutes were fired from the guns of war-ships which had been ordered to this point, and from the batteries at Fort Myer and Washington Barracks. In anticipation of the parades the houses were decorated, and at an early hour bright uniforms of visiting military organizations were seen in the streets, and a great crowd assembled about noon in the Avenue, from the Peace Monument to the State, War, and Navy buildings, in spite of the rain, which fell in torrents for a short time. As soon as the weather cleared, right of way was secured for the military pageant, which started up the Avenue at two o'clock. In the reviewing-stand, which had been erected near the Executive Mansion, were the President and members of the cabinet with their wives; and at the same point were to be seen ambassadors, ministers, attachés, representatives of all foreign governments, doing honor to the occasion, and forming one of the most conspicuous gatherings of the diplomatic corps which have ever been known in this country. The first division in the parade was composed of regular soldiers. Volunteer veterans were also in evidence. The Fourth Immune Regiment, in heavy marching order, and detachments of the Ninth Immunes, attracted special attention. The feature of the celebration on the second day was a civic parade. In the evening the White House was thrown open, brilliantly illuminated and beautifully decorated. Fireworks and pyrotechnic representations of the naval battles of Manila and Santiago seemed to be the features of the programme receiving the largest share of popular appreciation.

Mississippi's Wall

MR. ANDREWS WILKINSON writes to Harper's Weekly from Port Gibson, Mississippi, about the great wall in Claiborne County, in that State, whereof there was recent discourse in the *Sun*, and subsequent allusions in This Busy World department of the Weekly. Mr. Dabney, chief engineer of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta Levee District, wrote to the Weekly from Clarksdale, Mississippi, to say that he had never heard of the wall, and that the theory that it was built as a causeway by which people could escape from floods was untenable because of the lay of the land. Mr. Wilkinson does not favor this causeway theory either, but he says there is a wall, and that he has seen it. Fifteen years ago he visited it, and wrote an account of it to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, which is precise and remarkable. His party saw sixty feet of huge sandstone blocks which had been uncovered, and which varied in (estimated) weight from 400 to 5000 pounds. The stone-work was two tiers high, or about five feet. The wall was twenty feet wide, and the top, where Mr. Wilkinson saw it, had been three feet underground. The wall is overgrown by the trees of the primeval forest, and runs into hills, and perhaps through them. Mr. Wilkinson saw it on O'Quinn's plantation. He speaks of an outcropping section fifteen miles distant from there, and of another five miles farther on.

Mr. Wilkinson has seen mastodon bones dug up in that part of the Mississippi, and within a few miles of the old wall. He argues that the lay of the land hasn't changed since the mastodons were planted in it; that the wall is later than the mastodons, and that therefore it wasn't used as a means of escape from floods. He thinks it more likely that it was a work of defence, or a grand viaduct leading up to an elevated place of public worship. He tells of another relic of antiquity in that region of which he had lately heard—the remains of a stone dam or fallen bridge across the Big Black River, three miles below Allen Station in Warren County. The stones which form this dam are visible at dead low water for a distance of 100 feet. The quarry they were dug from is half a mile away, and overgrown with forest.

Mr. Wilkinson says that at Port Gibson early last month there was dug up, in excavating to widen a street, a skeleton which had been buried six feet below the surface of a hill. The skull was bound by a broad circlet of copper, beneath which was a fringe of short fine brown hair. A lot of beads were found, some of which he sends to the Weekly. Others have been sent to the Smithsonian Institution. The brown hair, the copper circlet, and the hieroglyphic marks on the beads suggest a possibility of Toltec or Aztec remains to Mr. Wilkinson, though he modestly distrusts his competence to form an opinion in such matters.



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